

CHARLES D. GALLAGHER:

MEMOIR AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Interviewee: Charles D. Gallagher

Interviewed: 1965

Published: 1965

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #003

Description

Charles D. Gallagher, born in 1884, is a native of White Pine County. His father, W. C. Gallagher, established a ranch there early in the state's history. The homestead, in the Duck Creek Valley, came to be known as Gallagher's Gap. Charles Gallagher's earliest memories are of the life of the family at Gallagher's Gap. He remembers social and educational contacts with many of the pioneer settlers in the area, and retains vivid memories of the native and non-native groups.

Mr. Gallagher's career, spanning over half a century, was first as a teacher in a rural school and then as a photographer. He photographed Greek weddings and funerals in Ely, used a circuit camera to record the growth of the Kennecott establishment at McGill, and met every graduating student in the local schools at commencement time. He learned aerial photography during World War I. The war and its aftermath kept Gallagher away from Ely for a number of years, but he returned to his home and resumed his photography business.

When Charles Gallagher retired he entered politics as a state senator from White Pine County. He served ten years in the Nevada State Assembly; he was greatly respected by the people of White Pine County and by his former colleagues for his performance in the state senate. Gallagher served on a number of important committees, and was chairman of the Education Committee when the school districts of Nevada were reorganized. His efforts at that time earned him a life membership in the Nevada Congress of Parents and Teachers.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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Printed in the United States of America

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Charles D. Gallagher is a white-haired bachelor, a native of White Pine County. His father, W. C. Gallagher, established a ranch in White Pine County, Nevada, early in the state's history. The homestead, in the Duck Creek Valley, came to be known as Gallagher's Gap. Charles Gallagher's earliest memories are of the life of the family at Gallagher's Gap. He remembers social and educational contacts with any of the pioneer settlers in the area, and retains vivid memories of the native and non-native groups.

Mr. Gallagher's career, spanning over half a century was first as a teacher in a rural school and then as a photographer. In his capacity as a photographer, he had occasion to participate in any interesting events in his home region. He photographed Greek weddings and funerals in Ely, used a circuit camera to record the growth of the Kennecott establishment at McGill, met every graduating student in the local schools at commencement time; and he learned aerial photography during the first World War. The War and its aftermath kept the photographer away from Ely for a number of

years, but he returned again to his home and resumed the business there. When he retired from business, he found time heavy on his hands, so he entered politics as a State Senator from White Pine County.

Charles Gallagher served ten years in the Nevada State Legislature. He is greatly respected by the people of White Pine County and by his former colleagues for his performance in the state senate. He served on a number of important committees, and was chairman of the Education Committee when the school districts of Nevada were reorganized. His efforts at that time earned him a Life Membership in the Nevada Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Since his retirement from the legislature, Mr. Gallagher has spent part of his time planning a trip around the world, recapitulating (but not duplicating) an earlier journey to Africa and Southeast Asia. He demonstrates a good deal of enthusiasm for traveling and for using his skill as a photographer.

When Mr. Gallagher was invited to participate in the oral History Project of

the Center for Western North American Studies, he accepted almost immediately. The interviews which constitute his reminiscences were conducted March 25 and 26, 1965, in his "penthouse apartment" above the photography studio at 401 Murry Street, in Ely. He was a very relaxed and cooperative interviewee, and appeared to enjoy the opportunity to recapture bygone days.

The Oral History Projects of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to make the past available for research to the present and the future. Reminiscences are obtained by tape recording interviews with persons who have played important roles in events in the West. Other interviews completed or planned by the Oral History Project concurrently with those of Charles D. Gallagher include recollections by Lucy Davis Crowell, daughter of Nevada historians newspaperman and politician, Samuel P. Davis; mining engineer Roy A. Hardy; former Governor Charles B. Russell; Earl Wooster educator and former Washoe County superintendent of Schools; and businessman Lester J. Hilp of Reno.

Permission to cite or quote from Charles D. Gallagher's reminiscence should be obtained through the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
November, 1965

LIFE AT GALLAGHER'S GAP

My father, W. C. Gallagher, was born in New Brunswick, which is now a part of Canada. He very much resented being called a Canadian, because at that time New Brunswick was a separate independent province. It later became a part of Canada. My mother was born and raised in Vermont.

My father, in common practice with many of the early timers, came to Hamilton with some friends when he was a lad in his late teens. That was simply a case of "coming West" like everyone else wanted to do.

Naturally, there were a great many more men here than there were women, and romances started by mail very largely. My father saw a photograph of this gentleman's sister and thought it would be a rather nice idea to start a correspondence friendship. So he did, and he and my "mother-to-be", Ella Rowe, corresponded. It eventually ended in romance and marriage back east, in 1853. They came immediately by train to Hamilton, and then by stage from Hamilton to Eberhardt. About the same as Reno and Sparks are now, they were adjacent towns,

and somewhat rivals. That was in the very early spring.

My father was an assayer, and Hamilton was booming. After my parents had been married two or three years, things went down, and they moved to Eureka. They were present in Eureka at the time of the "Big Flood," which you'll probably hear about from some of the old-timers in Eureka. A cloudburst came down New York Canyon and drowned some thirty-one people in the town of Eureka. Eureka eventually went downhill. So, my parents moved to what was to become their permanent home out on Duck Creek.

Duck Creek is twenty miles north of Ely, and is the present source of water supply for all the Kennecott smelting operations. I had eight brothers and sisters. Our life on the ranch at that time was very typical of all of the ranchers. More people lived in the country then, comparatively, than is the situation at present. Modern machinery didn't exist.

Our nearest neighbors, with whom we frequently exchanged visits, were the W. N. McGill family. They lived on the site of

the present Kennecott Copper smelter, six miles from us. The Campbell Ranch, which was directly across the valley, was a distance of about twelve miles away. There were other settlers on Duck Creek, but none of them with small children at the time that I can remember, so we did not visit back and forth so much so far as the youngsters were concerned.

It was customary in those days when we had no telephone, and no other means of communication excepting by mail, that anyone could drop in at any of the neighbors' and stay overnight; they were always welcome. There was always a spare room, or a spare bed, or a place on the floor or someplace to sleep, and always plenty of food, so that no one was embarrassed because maybe the grocery store had been closed for the day.

Speaking of food, my father usually bought a year's supply of flour at one time. There would be four horse teams, loaded with sacked flour, covering eastern Nevada from the flour mills in southern Utah, selling the product of that locality. I well remember that our favorite and most-used brand was called "The Pride of San Pete." That was San Pete town. There was a likeness of a very attractive girl printed on the sack. My father would buy about two tons of flour and that was stored in one of our out-buildings, which was referred to as our "milk-house" because the milk was stored there, and butter and things of that kind. Then, that would last until the next year when this process would be repeated. Most of the things that were consumed were produced on the ranch. That is, our vegetables, our potatoes, green vegetables, things of that kind, were stored in the fall so that nothing edible was bought from the stores in Cherry Creek or in Ely, with exception such articles as sugar and salt. My mother made her own soap from the fat obtained from meat that was

used in the household. My father did his own butchering, and we were supplied with meat at all times that way. It was customary at those times, in the summertime particularly, when an animal was killed for meat, it would be divided with the neighbors. For instance, we would kill a beef and half of it would perhaps go down to McGill's place, and perhaps a quarter of it to another ranch on Duck Creek, and we'd use a quarter of it, because it would not keep too long in the warm weather. Then, the thing would be reciprocated. They would kill an animal and we'd receive part of it. It was necessary to make corned beef for preserved meat of some kind in the summertime, if it was to be kept any length of time.

Clothing to a very great degree was homemade. I can't recall a shirt, for instance, for one of the youngsters ever having come from a store. My mother and my older sisters made shirts, and they made their own clothing. And, when there were clothes to be made for the women-folks, usually a seamstress from Ely, which was a town of about 300, came down and spent about a week.

In the meantime, my mother would have purchased the necessary cloth, material, and also patterns, which she secured from a magazine called The Delineator. It was one of the few magazines that practically every woman read. It was the style magazine. You could purchase a tissue paper pattern for any dress that was illustrated there. Then, you would lay that down on the cloth and it would be made up into a dress, fitted, and so on. Well, that happened usually in the early fall, preparing for the social season and the winter ahead.

An interesting thing about the account that was conducted between my father and Bill Hayes, who ran a general merchandise store in Ely, would be some of the items that

composed the heavier purchases. My father went to Ely every month. He was a county commissioner for sixteen years and, of course, made the trip to Ely every month. He would take in a load of baled hay, or a load of grain, or something of that kind for Mr. Hayes, who would then retail it. And, he would bring home such things as were necessary for use from the store for our home. Then, on about the first of January, they had one grand settlement. If Mr. Hayes owed my father something, it was paid in cash, and the other was true if my father owed.

The heaviest single item in that year's purchase was kerosene (coal oil) for the great number of lamps that were used everywhere. We didn't buy candles, my mother made candles from our own molds out of tallow. A tallow candle was quite satisfactory, excepting that it would not stand a great deal of heat. All of the lamps had to be filled, trimmed, and cleaned every morning. In fact, that was one of the very first of the household duties.

Our entertainment was very largely originated by ourselves. In the daytime, youngsters then, as youngsters now, loved to get out in the hills and climb and hike. As I said before, there were nine youngsters, including myself, and we each had our own riding horse. That would require a millionaire to do that nowadays, but our family were in very moderate circumstances. Keeping a horse was just something that just fitted in with the farm work. We didn't have them for recreation; we had them for serious purposes.

In the evenings, which were lengthy in the wintertime, five nights a week were taken up with schoolwork. The dining room table was cleared off and those who had homework to do sat around that and did what work was to be done. But, oftentimes, my father read aloud. That was the custom in those days that has simply gone out of existence, and it's too

bad. He would read from some good book. We had a whole set of Dickens' works, and various other books. They were family property; there was no library available anywhere. Once in a while, we'd borrow a book from McGill's, and they'd secure some of our books. That way we'd be quiet in the evening and we'd be learning a good deal, too. It was very, very interesting. My mother and the girls did the mending in the evening, and knitting, fancy crocheting, and things of that kind, so they were always well occupied.

But, if there was company overnight, and that was a very, very frequent occurrence, then, we had a musical evening. Mother was a very nice-voiced singer, played the organ quite well, and in common with all of the ranches in those days, there was some musical instrument. It could be a piano, or an organ usually, or a banjo or guitar, something of that kind. After supper was over, and the dishes done and the essentials taken care of, we folks would gather around the organ and mainly sing gospel hymns. The popular songs, as such they have nowadays, did not then exist. If a song became popular in Boston, which was the head of the eastern part of the country rather than New York, it took a year before it became known out here. The styles and trends traveled that slowly. Much of the singing was the old ballads, 'Home on the Range' and 'Red River Valley,' and a few of those. And, oftentimes, we sang until very, very late in the evening, and then, perhaps had a cup of coffee and a piece of cake. One of the earliest recollections that I can recall as a milestone in my life was when I was allowed to sit up until twelve o'clock during one of then musical evenings, instead of being sent to bed at nine o'clock as the youngsters usually were. And, I was allowed to have a cup of coffee, which was very, very rare for the youngsters, and a piece of cake before going to bed.

The life of the Indians would perhaps be of interest. At that time, the Indian wars had become a matter of history, although not too far back. They still lived under their tribal form of government, as far as marriages was concerned, or settling their own grievances, so long as it did not affect a white man. In other words, if one Indian shot another, or stole from him, or committed a crime of that type, they settled it among themselves. But, if they got into trouble with the white man, then, it was taken care of in white courts. But I might say that was very, very seldom necessary. There was a feudal type of life.

Every rancher, and to a lesser degree the people in Ely was more or less responsible for a certain family of Indians. They would be camped near there and hired at \$.50 a day to do work when work was available—mostly in the summertime when the crops were being gathered in the fall and prepared in the spring. And, that included the man's meals. If his squaw helped my mother with the washing, for instance, then, she was paid \$.50 for the day also, and had breakfast, and dinner, and so also did all of the papooses that happened to be there. And, then was usually quite a crew of them! They depended very largely upon the ranchers for general sustenance. We helped them to quite an extent, and, we depended upon them for permanent help.

The Indians living on our ranch would take our name. Our Indians would be Sam Gallagher, and Hatty, and I've forgotten the name of one or two of the others. Those at McGill were a much larger group of Indians down there because it was a big ranch. Then were two or three of the Indian men working all the time, and at least three or four of the squaws, girls, women, whatever you might call them, doing the dishes and the washing and ironing and things of that kind. Mrs. McGill did not find it necessary to do anything in

the way of housework of that type. And, their Indians were called McGills. They rather took on a different name than the original Indian names. For instance, one of the squaws down at McGill had two daughters. One of them was named "Bronco" and the other was named "Squealer"! That was typical of the names given to the youngsters.

I spoke of their living in their tribal form of government. Every fall, they would have a big fandango, or, that's what they called it. It was a big reunion, a gettogether. Usually for the Goshute Tribe, which was the tribe around here, it was in the neighborhood of White River; somewhere in that part of the county. It was in White Pine very near the edge of it. You see, at that time, we youngsters did not travel very far. You only went as far as you could walk. If you had a ride once in a while, all well and good; but, the idea of going 50 or 75 or 100 miles was almost unheard of. So, I never witnessed one of these fandangos. But, it was largely dancing, and feasting and transacting the business that they might want to do for the forthcoming year, and making plans for their annual deer hunt, and things of that kind.

The chief, who lived in Ely and did his work the same as anybody else, was called "Duck Creek Charlie". He wore his hair long in two braids down the back. The squaws, of course, all wore their hair down the back in a single braid. It was necessary for a chief of the tribe to wear long hair, but by that time, most of the Indians were cutting their hair somewhat like the women wear it nowadays—down nearly to the shoulders and hanging down over their ears. But, the chief had to have his braided. His son was called "Young Duck Creek Charlie," but the Indians always referred to him as "Nepooch," which would be in the equivalent of our language "Crown Prince." In other words, he was next in line of

succession, and, of course, he had to wear his hair long, too, because he would someday, if all went well, become chief of the tribe.

Well, we youngsters played with the Indians the same as we played with other white youngsters. And, sometimes, we played a little rough as youngsters do. If we got into a scrap, we could always handle Nepooch because we would grab him by the pigtails and pull him down. And, we hadn't any pigtails for him to reciprocate with, so there was a disadvantage in being a crown prince! I might mention that he never did become chief, because by the time his father passed on, the tribal government had disappeared.

I spoke of the annual deer hunt. There was no such thing as an open and closed season on hunting or fishing in those days. Deer were plentiful in our particular area on Duck Creek, but no white man ever went hunting for deer; it just wasn't done. We'd hunt for grouse, and sagehen and ducks, but I never heard of a white man shooting a deer. The Indians would gather. There would be 40 or 50 of them come down on Duck Creek, and put up temporary camps. They had guns, and they would form a big circle, perhaps three or four miles across in the neighborhood of where the deer were. Then, they would gradually close in that circle until they were surrounding the deer in a rather small area. Then, they would start in and slaughter them. They'd kill all the deer that were necessary, maybe 40 or 50 or 100 deer. Now, that would seem nowadays just unsportsmanlike, but they were doing it for food and other things. They would skin all of those. The skin, by a process the white man was never able to learn, was tanned by certain roots that they might use, and smoked over a fire and rubbed and handled to take a very soft and very fine grade of buckskin. And, they made their own moccasins, shoes, out of that. They made gloves, sometimes

ornamented with beadwork, and sold them. That was part of their income. The meat that they did not eat immediately was made into what was referred to then as "jerky." In other words, it was smoked, dried meat. It would be hung in just raw strips over a smoldering fire until it simply became perfectly dry, and that would take anywhere from a week or ten days, perhaps. Inasmuch as it was in that smoke and heat, it was not affected by flies or mosquitoes, nor did it deteriorate in quality. Well now, that jerky could be stored and used for years afterwards if they wished. They used to sell some of that. Mother used to buy some of it occasionally, or rather traded flour for it, or made some deal of that kind. Then, we would have jerky occasionally, very much as dried beef is cooked nowadays.

They also had their annual pine nut gathering. That was not conducted so much as a tribal project as it was an independent one by a group of perhaps a dozen or so Indians here or somewhere else all over the county. They would gather their pine nuts preferably before they were ripe enough to drop out on the ground. Nowadays, people go out and pick up the pine nuts from the ground. They would take the green burrs and put them in a pit that had been dug in the ground, cover them with dirt about three or four inches, then, build a big fire on top, pretty much as a barbecue is done at outdoor picnics. That would cook the nuts, and it would eliminate the pitch, and it would open up the burrs. They would remove the fire and the dirt, and they could take out each burr and just tap it on their hands, and the nuts would fall out in the palm of their hand. They could do it so fast that it almost made you dizzy to watch them. So, they would have their nuts all thoroughly cooked. Usually, they had their nuts spread out in the sunshine on canvases or something of that kind, until they became thoroughly dry, before being

stored or permanently put away. Then, they were sacked and usually buried in—you might call it—a sort of a toy cellar. It had to have air, but they didn't want to put it in trees because the squirrels and chipmunks and things of that kind would get at it. This other way of storage was quite satisfactory. Once in a while some of the white kids would find where the storage was, and that wasn't too good for the supplies!

The Indians invariably made their camps, not alongside of a stream as we would do if we were out camping, but some little distance up on a hillside. So, all of the water for their cooking and drinking (I don't think they ever washed), had to be carried. It was carried in buckets, preferably. They did not use skin containers, such as you read about in some localities. I can't recall ever seeing an Indian camp where the water had to be carried less than a quarter of a mile, even though there was an ample supply and they could have put their camp right down adjoining a stream. There may have been some superstition in connection with that, or it may have been that it was a hangover from earlier days when they felt that being up on a hillside, they could observe the approach of an enemy, and have a better lookout.

The Indians had their own doctors whom they referred to as medicine men. Very seldom was a white doctor called for an Indian case. The Indians would call in their doctor by lighting a fire at night and across the valley someone would see that fire and light another one; then, someone among the Indian folks across another valley would do the same, until, finally, the Indian doctor saw it. He might be over in Spring Valley; he might be somewhere else. He had to work and earn his living the same as anyone else, but then, he would come and take care of the case. If someone was about to die, the Indians always

took him outside of their wickiup or their camp; because if he died inside, the camp would have to be destroyed after his death. That was just bad luck.

Right near my father's ranch, there were remnants of an Indian battle that had been fought shortly following the Civil War days. My father moved there in about 1880, so, that had not been too long after the Civil War. A group of Indians had their camps about a half a mile from our house in a box canyon. It was rather protected from the air, the storms, and they'd been doing some foraging. They had killed a stage driver or two in an adjacent valley and hadn't really become adjusted to the fact that they were no longer the equivalent of white people. It was decided by the authorities that it would be best to eliminate them. So, soldiers were sent in from a military camp somewhere up in the neighborhood of where Elko now is. Their sole object was to come in and get rid of that group of Indians. So, they came within sight of this place and stayed overnight, although the Indians were not aware that they were there. During the night, they deployed, and just about daylight in the morning one over the sides of the canyon on both sides down into the Indian camp, and just slaughtered every Indian that was there. At least, they thought they did. But, there was one young Indian that got away. As I mentioned, it was about daylight, and the sagebrush was high, and in the confusion of the fighting and the slaughter, he was able to crawl through the brush and make his way down to Duck Creek, which was a half a mile away. Duck Creek had a good deal of water in it and a heavy growth of willows on both sides. So, he got into the water and waded downstream for about two miles without being observed. So, then, the soldiers all went away and he was the one remaining Indian.

He was quite an old man when I knew him as a kid. Hi. name was Kinemitch, which was an Indian word meaning "Never Die." They had a feeling that he was possessed of some sort of a spirit that got him out of that battle and that he never would die; and, instead of revering him, they shunned him. He was not allowed to come near any other Indian camp and he spent the rest of his life just a solitary trapper, trapping gophers and things of that kind that he lived upon, perhaps getting a handout once in a while from various different ranches in the valley. He lived to be at least probably. at least 80 or 90 years old. But, of course, he finally did die.

There was a school house, maintained by the school district, out at the end of what we called the lane (that was a little road leading to the ranch). It was about a quarter of a mile walk from our residence. There were all of our children, and all of the McGill children who had to drive six miles. Earlier, beyond my recollection, there were three or four children from some of the ranches up the Duck Creek Canyon. They would all get there at nine o'clock and it would be necessary to build a fire; the temperature might be 0°. The teacher would be either boarding at our place or at the McGill ranch. That was part of her recompense; her salary was \$40.00 a month. Usually, she was quite competent. The McGills and my father and mother were quite well educated, for the period. They were both trustees of the district and were able to get quite competent teachers. It was necessary to have what is now the kindergarten and high school students all in the one room. Nowadays, the teacher would throw up her hands and say, "That's an impossibility!" But, somehow they managed.

I think in many ways, a student at one of those real early ungraded country schools had quite an advantage. Much of the studying

was done at home. At school, the recitations were out loud, and if it would be those reciting geography or history lessons, we in the younger classes, although we were just learning our ABC's, just couldn't help but listen. And, by the time that we had advanced far enough to take that same type of study, we knew it already. We'd just absorbed it through subconscious listening. So, it made it very, very much easier for us in the later years.

The curriculum was purely and simply under the control of the teacher, with the sanction of the parents. It was the primary grades, of course. I remember taking shorthand, physics, geometry, algebra. Things of that kind would be normally taught in high school, but it was in one of these ungraded country schools.

The earlier days in these schools, no Indians attended, but, later it was customary for them to do so. They learned very rapidly in the earlier grades, but did not seem to have the ability to carry on to the more advanced grades. Now, our school was typical of the ones that would be, even in Ely, or at any of the other ranches. The school in Ely was no larger or even nearly as large as any of our present-day schools, or the ranch schools or the schools over in Cherry Creek.

Eventually, another family moved in as what we might call a sharecropper on part of the McGill Ranch. They had five or six children, and it seemed right then that the schoolhouse be moved to a more central location. So, a new schoolhouse was built halfway between the McGill Ranch and the Gallagher Ranch. There's a little spring there. That would now be just three miles north of the McGill smelter. It was built by our parents' own labor. They supplied the material; the lumber came from the sawmills up on Duck Creek. The only thing necessary to buy was some desks. Previous to that time, the desks

had been homemade. Somehow a good school salesman case through about that time and persuaded the trustees to buy desks.

There were two students at each desk. The folding seat was attached to the desk behind, and so on. The larger desks were at the back and the smaller ones in front. Then, of course, the teacher had her own individual desk, but it was high because she was standing practically all of the time.

Whoever reached this place first in the morning, either the McGills or the Martins (that was the other family), or ours, would build the fire. The doors were not locked. M father would bring in a supply of wood one year, in the early fall. Then, the McGills would haul wood the next year. we youngsters would chop wood during recess and noon for exercise.

We had to get water out of the spring, so, we had a bucket of water for drinking, setting on the bench; and, everyone that needed a drink of water would all drink out of the same cup. I don't recall anyone getting any severe illness from that. Maybe we had nothing to spread, such as would be the situation nowadays. We all carried our lunches. We all thought the McGill family were quite something, because they had a hired Chinese cook. They always had chocolate cake for the youngsters' lunch day after day after day, and those characters really took to that Chinese cooking. My mother would have something that would be a little bit more varied. It would be our sandwiches and perhaps donuts, or a piece of pie, or perhaps something that would be a little bit fancy. But, we didn't treasure those particularly because we got them all the time at home. So, we would arrange to trade with the McGill youngsters to get a little variation.

There was a stable that was right back of the schoolhouse where the horse. were kept.

You see, there'd be the teams from the three ranches; they were fed there. And, of course, there'd be the little "Chick Sale" outhouse, that was typical of all the schoolhouses of those days, in fact, of all the houses. There was no inside plumbing in any house in White Pine County at that time.

Our school year depended purely and simply on the amount of money that was available, and that was partially through an appropriation by the County Commissioners and part by the state. Our school year on the Duck Creek district averaged about six months. We'd start in the fall after the greater amount of harvesting had been done, I would say around the first of October; and school would be out in May.

There is another event that has disappeared completely, the last day of school. We would now call it Commencement. It was the day when all of the parents would come visit the school. Then was a program, usually speaking pieces, or preparing essays (we called the compositions in those days)— things of that kind. And, that was worked upon probably for six weeks prior to the last day of school. It was a good show-off, you might say, of what had been accomplished since the last term. And, again, we youngsters, who had been listening to these recitations delivered in practice for the teacher, could recite them ourselves. I can remember many of those like, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," just as well today, although I was just a small kid at that time. Then, the whole afternoon was spent in theme recitations and essays and show-offs of one kind or another for the benefit of the parents and for our own education. Then, it wound up usually with a candy pull. Homemade candy was a set event then for practically every household. That was early enough in the season, then, that it could still be made. There would be a kettle on the stove;

half water, half vinegar, and the rest all sugar. Then, it was boiled until it was thick enough that when it was dropped into water, it would harden. Then, that was poured out into plates brought by parents, and allowed to cool. Then, when it was cool enough to take up into our hands, we'd pull it, back and forth, to make candy. Then, we'd have a big candy-eat. Then, of course, there would be enough left over to take home. That was the wind-up until school started the next year. Well, after we youngsters got home, we pulled off our shoes and stockings, and we usually went barefoot all summer. The next fall, we'd have a whale of a time trying to find shoes and stockings for everybody!

And, speaking of school, I'm going to give a little personal reminiscence simply because that way I can talk about it more authoritatively. I taught school when I was sixteen years old. It was a small school, it's true.

First, I wanted to speak about the manner in which a certificate was issued to a teacher in those days. It was by examination. In the spring of the year or in the summer when the examinations were to be held, the state superintendent in Carson, through his office, would prepare a set of questions on the various topics that were to be included in the teachers' examination. Those would be sealed and sent to the district attorney of the outlying counties. In those days, the district attorney in the smaller counties was the deputy superintendent of instruction. Then, the district attorney or deputy, whichever you might call him, would appoint two other people, men or women, to set with him as a County Board of Examiners for the teachers' examination. Then, the applicants would meet at the court house, and the examination would proceed. It would usually take about three days. The examinations were written.

At the conclusion, the examination board would evaluate the papers, mark them with the grades, determine whether the applicant had received a high enough rating to justify receiving a certificate, and if he did, proceed to give him the certificate right then. There was no further contact with the department in Carson, no requirement for college training, bachelor degrees or anything of that kind at all. It was just the ability to handle school instruction as it was then used. My own certificate was called a primary grade certificate. It included examinations in arithmetic, grammar, orthography, civil government, geography, United States history, physiology, mental arithmetic, drawing, current news, theory and practice of teaching, reading, and penmanship. Penmanship, by the way, in those days, was a very important part of school curriculum.

Then, the following year, I wanted to upgrade my certificate, so, I took the examination again. In the meantime, during the year that I was teaching, I took a correspondence course to fit me for some of the topics that had not been taught to me in my own school days. It was rather typical of the time. I was living on a ranch, my own father's ranch. My older brothers were away. Two of them had married and were on their own, and another one was away at school. I would get up in the morning at three o'clock, do my correspondence studying up 'til six o'clock, then, go out and milk seven cows, eat breakfast and rest a little bit, then, start school at seven o'clock and work until four. Then, I would go back and do the evening milking and help feed the cows. Things did not come too easy, but there was a regard for application to the thing you were trying to accomplish. The next year, I took the examination again to receive what was called the grammar grade certificate. It included these additional

topics: algebra, geometry (the first and second books), bookkeeping, physical geography, English history, physics, and chemistry. A rather interesting sidelight on that was that I had studied geometry entirely by correspondence: the three examiners had never studied geometry: consequently, they didn't know whether my answers were correct or not. I received a 100 percent marking on that day! I also got that certificate. That was as far as I went, because after that, I went East to study photography and to start my career as a professional photographer. But, had I desired to acquire a still higher grade of teacher certificate, the additional topics included in the examination would have been Latin, general history (that's world history), literature, plane geometry (which would be somewhat more advanced than the geometry previously mentioned), rhetoric, astronomy, botany, and the history and methods of teaching. But, I did not take that one. I simply mentioned that to explain the difference between the requirements then and now. The possibility of teachers all having come from or having been graduated from a college with a degree was just nonexistent; that was all.

Well, speaking of the school in which I taught, the topics were what was usually popular in those days. I thought the results were rather satisfactory, because fully one-third of my pupil afterwards attended college and graduated with really high honors. My other two pupils did all right, too! Of the other two pupils, half of the two was an Indian, so, it was rather a small school. One was my younger sister, Minnie Gallagher; one was my cousin, who was sort of a foster sister because she was raised by my parents from the time that she was about nine days old, her mother having passed away immediately after childbirth. Her name was Ella Kent. The Indian was Albert Frank. His father was the Indian Frank that

I mentioned earlier as one of the McGill Indians. He afterwards became an employee at the Kennecott reduction works and worked there practically throughout his life. He's not living now.

Now, a person might wonder today how the school of only three pupils could be maintained, but there was a peculiar situation so far as money for rural schools was concerned. A school district would include a certain geographical area; it might be ten or fifteen miles square. The number of children whose parents lived in that area would be used in calculating the money that was available for the school. Today, we use the average daily attendance, the ADA. We had two neighbors. One was a man whose wife and children were living in New Hampshire because his wife, particularly, felt that the facilities for bringing up children were better back there. And, perhaps, she didn't like the lonely life of the ranch. So, those six children helped for the school money in our particular district. There was another family where there were three children, all of whom were living outside of the boundaries of the district. But, we received money from them just the same. So, the school was able to continue; but, if I remember right, that was the last year that particular school did.

Now, the other ranches, besides the McGill's and the Campbell's, there was the McQuitty ranch, which is now East Ely. It was probably the largest ranch, in the number of livestock raised, in Nevada. Mr. and Mrs. McQuitty together. when they got on the scales, weighed 500 pounds. Maybe as a kid, I would remember that most! Their three sons and daughter were equally tall, but not as big around. Lizzie McQuitty had the first bicycle made for a woman that was ever purchased and brought to Ely. I recall her riding the twenty miles from her ranch

down to visit at our ranch, which was quite a feat. And, of course, we were all crazy to see what a woman's bicycle looked like. They wore divided skirts with a bicycle. About that time, divided skirts came in for riding horseback. When I was a small youngster all women rode sidesaddle. And, they did it very gracefully and beautifully. They had to bring the horse alongside of a stump; they got upon the stump, then, got into the saddle. One couldn't get on sidesaddle from the ground.

When things developed to when the mining was taking place, the McQuittys sold out to the Mormon Church. The ranch was colonized and named Georgetown. I would say there were probably twenty families moved in there. That was about 1902. And, then, what is now Kennecott took over, and they bought out the Georgetown Ranch. They needed the water, wanted the water, needed the room. Then, the families that had colonized Georgetown moved down to what was then called White River, to what is now Lund and Preston. They were two additional ranches that were colonized by the Mormon Church. And, that was the beginning of the Mormon settlements in this community. The Joseph Oxborrows were among them, although I don't recall the names of others. I was too young, and that was too far away. I never was there as a youngster, nor in Hamilton. We'd come to fly for a Fourth of July celebration or something like that. Once in a while, we'd come to visit friends in Ely on the same trip that my father would make for his County Commissioner meetings. Mother would sometimes come, and sometimes just us youngsters. But, it was quite an event for us.

Our cash product was livestock. I doubt if there was any grain or hay shipped out of the valley, or any other product. But, in the spring, a buyer for some cattle company would travel the length of this valley. The one I particularly

remember was Eager and Parsons. Mr. Eager's son afterwards settled here and spent his lifetime in this community. He one time owned the Lincoln Highway Garage. He's been dead a number of years, but his widow still lives in Ely. They would stop at our ranch and quote a price to be paid for cattle the next fall, and contract for whatever cattle my father would feel he would have available for sale at that time—usually about thirty head. Now, that might be some cows that were no longer good for reproduction. That is, we were trying to upgrade the stock all the time, and these might be the older ones that were no longer desirable. Or, there might be the steers that would be used for market for butchering. We seldom sold any steers that were younger than two years old. Veal, as it is now handled, just wasn't marketed in those days. Well, then, the buyers would go to the McGill Ranch, then the Comins Ranch, then the McQuitty Ranch, and all the ranches clear on down into the next county, and contract for cattle.

Then, come fall, they'd start the annual drive of the cattle out of the county. They would stop at the first ranch, the farthest distance, and hire one or two hands there (usually one or two members of the family), to help them drive the cattle farther north. Then, as they paused the next, additional cattle would be added, and perhaps, additional help might be, too. Mr. Eager or Mr. Parsons would be there personally to write a check for the payment of the cattle. By the time they reached our ranch, there might be 1,000, or 1,500 head of cattle.

And, usually, one or possibly two of my older brothers would join the force. They would get a dollar a day and board, and furnish their own saddle horse and sleeping equipment. They didn't have sleeping bags, there would just be bedding that they would roll down on the ground. And, the cattle

would be trailed along and fed as they went. They seldom went more than twelve or fifteen miles a day. Then, they would be bedded down for the night. That is, the cowhands would circle around the herd and keep them from going any farther, then, they would be left to their own accord, and then sleep all night. There would be two or three cowboys left on guard all night to keep them from outside disturbance or to keep some of the cattle from waking up and perhaps trailing away. And, that would continue up all the way to the railroad, where there might be about 3,000 cattle by that time. Then, they would be loaded on freight cars and shipped to the eastern markets.

It was quite a thing if one of our boys could be chosen to go with the herd on the freight cars. If the cattle were in a car and one of them laid down, the others were apt to trample it to death. So, there had to be one cowboy for each two or three cars with a prod to stick in through the sides, so if a cow laid down he could make it get up. Otherwise, there would be a heavy loss. Then, every day or so, the cattle would be let out to feed and water, then, they would go on again. Usually, the market was Chicago. Well, this fellow usually got the dollar a day, the same as when he was following the herd, and got to see Chicago, end got his fare paid back. So, that was quite something.

Dancing, of course, was the social activity. And, the social life in the early days was done on a much nicer scale than it's being done now. There were dances held in Cherry Creek in the upstairs hall there. It was about the only two-story building that I can recall. There was a store, a general merchandise store, and a post office on the first floor, and upstairs was the dance hall. Then, in Ely there was a hall that was a part of what we would now call one of the hotels. It was all on the ground floor,

but there was room for dancing. There would be never a case when there would be a dance held in both places at the same time, simply because there were only two fiddlers in the community that were competent to play for dances, and they couldn't be in two places at once. One of them was Mr. W. D. Campbell, who owned the Campbell Ranch, and the other was Mike Boyle. Boyle had a ranch about twenty miles north of McGill, that was then called Schellbourne, a way-station on the pony-express route in the early days. Then, Mrs. McKnight usually played the piano. She lived in Cherry Creek first, then, later moved to Ely. Men didn't play pianos then; it was sissy for a man to play the piano, but it was possible to get piano accompaniment. A piano and a fiddle would constitute the orchestra. Later on a drum was used, but not in the days that I'm speaking about.

Well, the first big dance would be held in the fall soon after school started, because, as a rule, then would be a new lady teacher for each of the schools all over the county—in Ely, and four or five or six schools in Spring Valley, and in our own Valley. That was to get acquainted with them. Most of the time, those teachers later married local swains. Now, if the dance was to be held in Ely, which it usually was, it would start at 9:00 in the evening with a big grand march, which was a very formal way of doing things. they'd pair off and march around and go through various drills. You'd have a chance to show off your new dress, and to look at everybody else's. Then, the rest of the evening up until midnight was spent in waltzes, and quadrilles, the schottische, the vesuvian, two-steps, things of that kind. You didn't spend the evening dancing with the same partner. That was considered violent bad taste. You danced the first dance, and the supper dance, and the home dance always with your partner, a few of the others if you

wished, too, but you were supposed to divide up.

Well, along about twelve o' clock, the dance would be called off, and everybody would go to a supper that had been prepared at one of the restaurants; and that would be an hour off. Well, that was a big time for we youngsters who were not old enough to dance, because we could pretend we were dancing, without music. We did not participate in the supper because it was time for us to go to bed after that. But, we could slide from one end of the hall to the other; you know, run and slide, because at the beginning of the dance, three or four of those who were in charge would stroll around and shittle sperm candles all over the floor. That was the wax that would wax the floor. Then, as the dancers danced, it would spread it around more and more, then, by midnight, it was real slick and slippery and we had a whale of a good time.

Usually, the older folks went home at suppertime, or at 1:00 after they got back from supper. Then, the rest of the younger people would continue to dance usually until about daylight. And, then, the caller would call for the "Home Sweet Home" waltz and the dance would break up. In Cherry Creek, if we had the dance there, it was usually a more magnificent thing. The distances were greater; that was thirty miles from our ranch, and to Ely it was about twenty miles from our ranch. It took more preparation to go there. There were a great many people from Ely and from all the ranches around who went to the Cherry Creek dances, because they were tops.

It the dance was Friday night, and they usually were, we would have to start that morning, usually us youngsters and my father and mother, although sometimes just my father and the youngsters. My mother and father did not dance; they were brought up in a very strictly religious community when

dancing was not tolerated, but they fitted in with the community here just the same. We'd drive that thirty miles, perhaps have a lunch that we'd eat on the way, and get there in the afternoon sometime. It would take about six or seven hours to drive in a spring wagon. And, that would be typical of everybody else. Then, it would be a case of getting set for the evening, usually getting a haircut at the barber shop, or getting a bath there. If you came in from the hills or out of the mines, why you had to have a bath in the barber shop facilities or otherwise. At our place, of course, we would get our bath out of the tub on the kitchen floor the night before we left if it was too cold to get in the creek. And, then, the dance would be similar to, as I mentioned, the one in Ely. But, instead of calling it quits at daylight, everybody would say, "Well, its been a long time getting here and we haven't had a dance in a long time. Let's a repeat that tonight." So, they would all stay over and have a dance just exactly the same the next night. I've seen that dome three nights in succession.

Now, there was a little sociability aside from the dance, too. There were two saloons in Cherry Creek. One of them had the reputation of selling "fighting" whiskey and the other "loving" whiskey. It depended upon where the menfolk congregated. Women were never seen at saloons in those days; they just never ware. Sometimes, the men got a little bothersome and had to be manhandled and put to bed, but, they would be around for the next dance all right. As a rule, the people were very, very sociable and followed the amenities of the day.

There was the New Year's dance which was usually held in Ely. That was a masquerade invariably. The Washington's Birthday dance was always held in Cherry Creek. Then, there was some big dance during the summer. There would be dances held in Spring Valley

or in Bakers, or Snake Valley; and those were usually held in school houses because you usually had a little bit larger school house than we had in our smaller places. They would pull the desks aside and use the school rooms for that purposes. We had good times.

I wanted to speak about the currency in those days. Every adult man carried a three compartment purse. It was made out of buckskin as a rule. One compartment was for greenbacks, one was for silver coins, and the other for gold coins. You never carried gold coins with the others because they were soft and they would wear very, very quickly, and as they wore off, their value at banks or the mints would deteriorate; so, we kept them by themselves. All payrolls of mines or ranches or the things of that kind were in coin (gold and silver), and not too many greenbacks. Greenbacks were about 50 percent larger than they are at present and you couldn't use them in a folding pocketbook at all. You would have to fold them up again and again and again to get them into this little pocketbook, or purse you called it. But, greenbacks were not in too great a favor then, because following the Civil War, the value of the greenback was a great deal less than gold. It was under par; but, eventually, of course, they became standard. A one dollar greenback or a penny was almost unknown. If a person got a hold of a one dollar greenback, he saved it until he was going to buy something through the mail and he could use that for putting in a letter to send to somebody. The pennies were never used in the stores. Everything was marked at fifteen cents or twenty-five cents, or ten cents. In other words, we referred to it as two bits, four bits, six bits, or a dollar. If there was an item that sold for a dime, it was called a short bit. If it was fifteen cents, it was a long bit, and it made it much easier to add up your bills because it was all fives and ciphers at the end,

instead of sevens and nines and things of that kind. If we youngsters got hold of a penny, we would get some salt and a rag and polish the penny up by rubbing salt on it. It would make it look just as new and then we would fool ourselves into trying to believe that it was a five-dollar gold piece. As a matter of fact, you actually could probably pass it off in a crowd. We would also have a lot of fun by putting that coin in our mouth under our tongue and a little shaving of zinc (there was lots of zinc around the ranches) above the tongue and let the two touch and that would generate an electric shock, and we would get a thrill out of that. It might be something for the youngsters to try nowadays, but I haven't seen that happen in a long, long time. Of course, all the ranches then had their own blacksmith shop and their own carpenter shop and their own welding outfit, that and the other, so zinc was quite plentiful.

Two dollar bills (there were a few of them) were considered bad luck, and the superstitious person, particularly those who took part in gambling would always tie a knot in them before he put it in his pocket; that was to kill the hex.

And, now, speaking of the saloons in those earlier days, they were more or less social centers. No gambling as we know it now was current in those earlier days. There was no table gambling at all. There were poker games, but, just among people who were in the saloon. It was not part of the saloon setup, although they had cards available. They made their money selling their beer or whiskey or whatever it might be; but if a rancher wanted additional help to take care of the harvest or things of that kind, he would go to a saloon and find somebody who was looking for a job, and conversely, if there was somebody looking for a job, he would leave his name at the saloon, and that was the clearing house.

They had political meetings in the saloons, too. One of the early-day Ely saloons was run by Boss P. C. Weber. He was always referred to as Boss. He was head of the Democratic Party in White Pine County, and I dare say that the political meetings, such as they were, were always held in his saloon for his Party. The Republicans as we know them now were not well organized. The main opposite party was called the Silver Party. It was in the days of William Jennings Bryan and every effort was made to have silver on a set price compared to gold—that would be the silver standard. William Jennings Bryan ran for the presidency three times on that basis. There was a great deal of social distinction between the two. We referred to the Democrats as the goldbugs and, of course, we silverites were

We didn't think too much of Boss Weber, because he subscribed to the San Francisco Examiner, which was considered a very radical paper in those days. My father and the more conservative people took the San Francisco Chronicle, the weekly issue, and my father would no more look at a copy of the San Francisco Examiner than he would be caught reading some of the stuff you are not supposed to read nowadays. Then was the local paper, of course, the White Pine News; that was published in Ely. It had been moved here from Hamilton and there was a weekly publication. It was before the days of linotype; all of the setup was by hand type and we depended very largely upon it for our news, for the dances that were coming up, the social events, the things that were going on. We got outside news from the Chronicle or the Examiner. The others carried all local news.

During the Spanish-American War in 1898, we did get bulletins that were sent in daily by telegraph to Eureka. Then, we had a telephone line from Eureka to Ely, which

was the earliest one that ever came in. So, the news bulletins daily would be printed by the White Pine News and mailed out to the circulation. You paid (I don't recall just what it was, but it seems to me that it was ten cents each—in other words, sixty cents a week) for those bulletins. And, they were perhaps the equivalent of half a column of newspaper print. It would tell us what was going on in the war.

Then, of course, after the war was over, we just depended upon our weekly news. The newspapers were not read and discarded, they were saved and we would refer to those oftentimes for weeks afterwards. The same way with our magazines; the better magazines like Youth's Companion, the London Illustrated News (those two I particularly recall) were on heavy, glazed paper. They had excellent reproductions of paintings and drawing, and things of that kind and excellent printing. After we had finished reading them, the copies were used for papering the walls of homes. Very few of the homes in the country had "store-boughten" wallpaper. We did in our living room; the McGills did in all of their rooms; they were wealthy. The rooms papered with magazines were very, very interesting to look at.

There were no churches in Ely. There was a Catholic Church in Cherry Creek where a priest came in periodically; I would say probably twice a year, and he would hold services there. He was probably stationed in Eureka or Austin permanently and he would make trips to Ely. Then were not too many Catholics in Ely at that time. There was also a Union Sunday School. That was for people of every denomination, regardless of whether they were Catholics, Protestant, or no religion at all. There were no Mormons here in those days. The only Mormons we saw were the ones who brought in produce

for sale. Well, the Sunday School here, and I press the one in Cherry Creek, were somewhat similar. Service was in the school house every Sunday. The president of the Sunday School was Mrs. Weber, the wife of the saloon keeper. As I maid, there was no social onus in operating a saloon. The secretary was a Jewish woman. That's just typical of the way they all cliqued in together for that. We had a very, very nice Sunday School, nice singing and the youngsters got a religious start that way. I think it was very, very helpful, very desirable.

The Webers were not German; they had been in this country long enough that there was no taint of origin, it was more likely an English family. Many, many people in the early days in the towns were from Boston or New England. Some were out here because they wanted to get rid of them at home, in other words, remittance people, or they were attracted by the possibilities of making their fortunes here in the West. Many of them were very well educated, very cultured people. I remember one in particular; he was County Assessor. I can't recall his name. He had a very definite Bostonian Oxford accent and he wore the most beautiful neckties that were to be seen in the community, all neckties then were pre-tied, very heavy, with a large knot at the neck and then extending down under the vest with quite a wide piece of silk there. Of course, everyone wore a vest in those days. His neckties were very much in demand, after they were worn out, among the womenfolk because of the beautiful designs. The women would fit the pieces in with the patchwork that they were doing for couch covers and sofa cushions and things of that kind. But, I would say that he was about as an aristocratic type so far as his personality and education is concerned as you would find anywhere in the whole country.

There was another article of clothing that was universally worn, but you never use nowadays, and that was a duster. If a person was driving, we'll say from our ranch to Ely or Cherry Creek, he'd get pretty well dressed up before he left home. We didn't have suitcases and things of that kind to carry our clothes in. So, to keep our clothes from getting all dusty, we'd wear a duster outside over our clothing. That looked very much like the present-day raincoat, but it was not waterproof and was very, very light in weight. The womenfolks wore a duster that had a cap that pulled up over the head. That would protect their hats as well as the rest of the garments, so that when they got out of the rig at the end of the journey, they would pull off the duster and shake it and their clothing was free of dust. That was worn both by men and women.

Something else that was quite fashionable for a period of time was braided-hair watch chains. Every man wore a gold watch, if he could get one. They were not open-faced watches as a rule. They wore them on what was called a double chain. The chain fastened in about the second buttonhole of a man's vest, then, it branched and one half of the chain went over to the left-hand vest pocket and one to the right-hand. The one on the right-hand, as a rule, had a watch; the one on the left-hand (if he was lucky) had a gold toothpick that was given to him as a Christmas or birthday gift. The dentists frowned upon the matter; they said the gold would scratch the teeth. Gold toothpicks went out of style, but for a long time, that was just a lady's choice gift to a gentleman friend. She didn't give it to her husband, but usually someone she was being courted by. Now, these chains originally were all made of gold, but there was quite a fad of taking hair from some member of your family.

The hair, you know, was usually worn long. Sometimes, it would go clear below

the waistline. It would have to be thinned out or cut off at times, just for various reasons. Well, then, that hair would be braided into elaborate hexagonal or octagonal braids, nicely designed and probably in units of four or five or six inches long, and with a gold mounting on each end. That would substitute for the regular gold chain on your watch or toothpick. I recall seeing a number of them; I had one at one time that was made from the hair of one of my older sisters. There were men who were very, very clever in the jewelry business whose entire time was spent in braiding these elaborate braids, watch chains of that time. I have not seen one of those at a museum.

Then, there was Mr. B. D. Byrd, who was another oldtimer; he ran a lumber yard here in Ely. All of the lumber that was used for constructing houses was produced from saw mills up on Duck Creek; there was the Berry Creek Saw Mill and the McDonald Saw Mill. The lumber that came in was rough lumber, and if you were building a house and needed planed, finished lumber for the door casings and window mills and things of that kind, it would have to be planed by hand. Now, there was some lumber that was shipped in, but very, very little of it; and Mr. Byrd would carry a certain amount of stock of that kind. There was some flooring, tongue and groove flooring that he had, but it was very, very exceptional. Mostly, it was rough lumber that he used, not only for selling to houses that were being built. He also built the coffins for the funerals and those were made of rough lumber and covered with cloth. And, I think the funerals were just as effective those days as now, when we use the elaborate, expensive, non-corrosive metal caskets which keep the bodies from going back from the place they came, instead of allowing them to go back as I think God intended that they should. That's my own opinion.

Byrd was a bachelor, and when he was about sixty years old, he married a former school teacher. They lived for some fifteen years a very, very happy life; but we thought it was very funny for a man sixty years old, who had never married, to fall in love with a school teacher and marry her.

I think about the only fraternal organizations, two of them, in the real early days before the turn of the century, were the Masons and the Odd Fellows. The Odd Fellows had a lodge at Cherry Creek and so did the Masons, and they held their meetings once a month (not on the same night of course). Masons in Ely, or on the ranches, would make their regular trip to Cherry Creek for the meeting of the lodge, just the same as they went there for social events, but they combined it with other business. They did shopping there; they did this, that, and the other; they did their visiting. Perhaps, they had occasion to visit the doctor or something of that kind. It was all combined for the one trip. The Odd Fellows' Lodge afterwards was moved to Ely and was the forerunner of the lodge that is in existence then at present. In fact, I think it is called Cherry Creek lodge. The Masonic lodge at Cherry Creek finally went out of existence as the population decreased, and the Masonic Lodge was organized here in Ely and at about the same time. After the beginning of the Boom, there were the Eagles Lodge, the Elks Lodge, The Knights of Pythias, the Woodmen of the World, and so on. My father was a member of both the Masonic Lodge and the Odd Fellows. It was really the foundation of the social life of the community in those days. The women's organizations, as such, did not exist in the real early days; I mean the Eastern Star and things of that kind.

I might speak a little bit of the medical facilities in the earlier days. As long back

as I can remember, there was no doctor in Ely, but there was always a doctor in Cherry Creek. Cherry Creek was the more important community of the two, and if there was an illness, we'll say on our ranch or any other ranch, and it was necessary to call a doctor (we never called a doctor unless it seemed absolutely necessary), someone would jump on horseback and ride as fast as possible to where he could change horses. Perhaps, it would be the Jones' ranch which was fourteen miles from Ely toward Cherry Creek. There would always be a horse available for anyone who was riding for the doctor, regardless of how that would shortchange their own setup. He would ride, then, to the next ranch and change horses and probably get to Cherry Creek on about the third horse and then get in contact with the doctor. The doctor would get a livery stable team—either one horse or two horses, usually one horse—and drive as fast as he could with his medical kit. Then, he would change horses at a ranch and probably exchange twice before he got to our ranch. By that time, the patient was either progressing, better, or dead. The doctor would prescribe the treatment that was necessary and the medicine that might be necessary, and then, whoever had gone to the Cherry Creek to fetch him would wait there until the doctor got back and the prescription was filled in a drug store there. Then, he would bring back the medicines. Later on, there was a doctor in Ely and the same process was carried out from Ely because it was closer. Then, of course, as times went down and down and down in Cherry Creek, they had no doctor there. But, I think as a medical center, we would say that Cherry Creek far exceeded Ely in the earlier days.

Then was the difficulty of getting a doctor when someone was ill. We also had, at that time, traveling dentists. It was a dentist either

from some other community in the state or, maybe from out of the state altogether. He traveled by horse and buggy from town to town and stopped at the ranches. If somebody needed a tooth pulled, he would pull it and without benefit of anesthetic in any way, shape or form. I believe he could fill teeth, but did not as a rule. He also did not make false teeth: you had to go to a city to have that done. The traveling dentist was something we looked forward to at least once a year. I recall having a tooth pulled when I was a youngster. Nowadays, if a person had to sit down just cold and have a tooth pulled without any deadening of the pain at all, he'd yell his head off: But, just sitting in the kitchen chair, we just took it more or less as a matter of course and that was it. He had his own tools, including a drill. He did drill and fill teeth, but I didn't have any filled.

Home remedies were very, very popular, very effective, and many of them later on were used by the medical facility through investigations that proved their worth. My mother always made sort of a bitter-root tea out of a native herb that was used for almost anything that might ail you. Then, then was a kind of sage tea. My father made a liniment out of some formula that he had, largely salt peter and alum, and something else I don't recall that was boiled, and if you had a sprained shoulder or a lame arm or something of the kind, you would rub it with that and it would help: it was very, very effective. And, then, then was Lydia E. Pinkham's pink pills for pale people, things of that kind that you would buy at the drug store. HHH liniment was very commonly used and was referred to as Triple H. We always had those and a few remedies that we kept in the medicine chest. But, every family had its own doctor book so that you could look up and see what your symptoms were like compared to the

symptoms of something you might suspect was the trouble. Usually you could pretty well take care of it; for instance, chicken pox, measles, measles particularly. You never sent for the doctor for measles. You knew it was necessary to stay inside and not scratch the eruptions and keep in a darkened room and you would get over it. People didn't die of the measles; Indians did. They got more diseases for some reason or other.

I don't recall that the white people used Indian remedies, but there were Chinese herb doctors, and sometimes, people would have the feeling that the herb doctor knew more than the local doctor did. In the very rare case of venereal disease, they always went to the herb doctor because they were a little bit self-conscious about it. The venereal diseases, as we know them now, were not common in those days. The houses of prostitution did not exist; at least they weren't here. Now, there may have been, in fact, I know there were houses of prostitution in Hamilton and Virginia City and places of that kind, but not here, until after the Boom came; and then, they came with the Boom.

Then, we also had a traveling clock maker. Of course, every ranch, every house, practically, had a big wall clock; not necessarily the grandfather clock type. In fact, there were none of those to my knowledge. But, there was a clock, probably eighteen inches to two feet high placed on a shelf on the wall at one end of the living room. That was an eight-day clock, and sometimes, they would go "haywire" or need attention. So, this traveling clock maker would, with all of his repair tools, be around about once a year to stop and clean and oil your clock, and make any repairs that might be necessary. He did the same with your watch if your watch needed it, but not too many people wore watches then. Of course, there were no wristwatches, they were all watches

on a chain. I recall that the clock maker who came to our place had a particular oil that he claimed came from the head of a shark. It was the only kind of oil that was fit to put onto a watch or clock. Now, whether there was any truth to that or whether it was just propaganda to make us appreciate his services more, I don't know. I believe there is such a thing on the market as shark oil; possibly he was right.

There was no such thing as Parcel Post in the early days, no express. In fact, anything that was brought into the community either had to be carried on the organized freight teams or as individual packages brought in by a stage driver, but, it was not under the heading of express. Practically all of the freight to supply the stores and ranches was brought in by anywhere from ten to thirty-two mule team freight outfits. Probably, the best one known around here was Bob Crawford, who had previously hauled freight out of Austin, Nevada. Then, he came to this community. I have seen him drive, actually, a team of thirty-two animals with just one rein controlling the whole team. The rest was done by shouting commands and certain jerks on that line—it was called the jerk line—so he could manipulate them all right. His worry was fuel as much as would be now days for fuel for an automobile because those animals had to be fed, too. Suppose, now, that he was starting from Ely and headed toward the railroad. The main connection was either Wells, Nevada, which is a town in existence at present, or Caliente, which is also a spot on the Union Pacific Railroad. Caliente seemed to be handier for some of the freight outfits than Wells was. He would have very little in the way of a load going toward the railroad. Sometimes, there would be ore shipments from the small mines around here that had no mill; lead mines primarily, and some gold

mines. They would sort their ore after they had taken it out of the mine and the richer ore would be put into sacks. and then shipped by sacks and to this freight team onto the railroad, and then, to the smelters in San Francisco or possibly to Denver. But, it had to be a pretty high grade ore to justify doing that. The point I'm trying to bring out was that the driver had very little in the way of a load when he was traveling toward the railroad. Then, when he got there he had things that were consigned in his name or he had orders to pick up the freight. Who freighter would pay the freight charges that were demanded by the railroads, and consequently, he had to be somewhat of a banker as well as a hauler of freight. Then he would start back toward Ely. Well, he made stops at various ranches along the road. He might have freight for them; he would make quite a stop at Cherry Creek or near Cherry Creek. As I say, to stop at different ranches and finally get into Ely, it would take three weeks to make the round trip. So, it was not very rapid transit.

Now, in our own case, if my father was ordering, we'll say, supplies for farm machinery, it had to come in by freight and Mr. Crawford with his team would be picking them up in Wells. We could use spy glasses and look across the valley and spot him for about three days before he finally reached Ely, so, my father would know when to go to Ely to meet the freight train. That way, there would be the least loss of time. Usually, he traveled on the opposite side of the valley from our ranch; it was a little shorter, more direct route. The idea of bringing in fresh fruit, things of that kind, that are so common now, was almost unheard of, but once in a rare, rare occasion, bananas or something of that kind would be brought in as a more or less surprise by a stage driver who would be carrying the mail; and he would be carrying light parcels also.

I remember seeing bananas for the first time when I was probably thirteen or fourteen years old, and I was very much undecided just whether they were to be eaten or not. But, the other kids ate them, and I wasn't going to be outdone by anybody else, so, I ate a banana. Of course, afterwards, it was very, very fine.

Some of the later freight came in from Eureka on the mail stages just as express is carried now, and also part of it in the earlier days of Ely came by way of Southern Utah. The name of the station was Frisco. That is not an abbreviation of San Francisco, it was the actual name of a town that no longer exists.

Our ranch was a stage stop part of the time. It was purely and simply a matter of choice so far as the stage driver was concerned whether he traveled on our side of the valley going from Ely to the railroad, or whether he traveled on the opposite side. Later on, a post office was established at the Campbell Ranch. They called it Steptoe. Then, of course, the freighter had to make his trips all on that side. It took continuous travel on the stage about a day and a night and a good part of the next day to go from Ely to Wells; and, of course, he changed horses every fifteen, eighteen, twenty miles which made it rather expensive. If you were traveling in the wintertime, sometimes it was pretty cold, but every stage was well supplied with buffalo robes for your comfort. You wore heavy winter clothing and sometimes a big block of wood was heated in an oven or, more frequently, a stone, until it got just as hot as you could handle it and then, it would be wrapped in a blanket and put down in the bottom of the stage coach. You would keep your feet on that. And, that was particularly true if you were starting out early in the morning. Well, by ten, eleven o'clock, it wouldn't be quite so bad. Roads, in those days, were never cleared of snow. The snow was just simply tramped down and consequently, it

lasted much later in the spring than it does now on the highways, when the snow is removed by artificial means. Stage travel was something you avoided just as much as you possibly could.

There were never very many Chinese here in the later years, but long before the days of the Boom, the Chinese were rather an important part of our community. They had their own China town, previous to the turn of the century. All hired cooks were Chinese, the only place that you could buy fire crackers was at China Town; they did not sell narcotics, but many were addicted to the use of narcotics and there was no regulation against it, locally at least.

I remember we youngsters used to watch old China Tom smoke his opium pipe. He would be lying on a bed the equivalent of a bunk in an army camp. There was one bunk up above the other. He had a little alcohol lamp sitting in front of him, and he had the opium in a container of some kind; it was a bottle as I remember it. Then, he had a little stick that was somewhat the length and size of a lady's knitting needle and he would stick that in the bottle of opium. He would hold it above the flame and rotate the stick with his fingers to sort of cook the opium, and then, he would dip it back into the opium bottle again, and repeat that process until he had built up quite a little knob of opium on the end of the stick. Then, when it was large enough, he put it into his opium pipe and lit it with a match, if I remember rightly. He would take about eight or ten puffs of that, and the opium was all gone. Then, he would go to sleep, and probably enjoy happy dreams. I don't know how often he repeated that.

Matches were another commodity that we usually bought at the China stores. They were shipped in from China as were the fireworks. There were a hundred matches in

one bunch, those old-time sulfur matches. They weren't any longer than two inches. The block of wood was split in ten sections one way, then, in ten sections the other way, but not split clear on through so they were all held together down at the bottom of the split. Then, the top of them were dipped in sulfur, and then, in brimstone, so that you could scratch them and light them. You could take off one match at a time and scratch it on your overalls or the bottom of your feet if you had been going barefoot. Then, you had to hold the match away from your face until the sulfur burned away, got down to the wood, otherwise, there was too strong an odor. That was the only type of matches used here during the earlier days. The matches that we now buy in the hardware stores or the paper matches were never heard of. If you wanted to carry matches, to keep them protected from getting wet, you usually made a container of two empty rifle cartridges, one of them a little bit bigger than the other, so one would fit over the other. And, you would fill one with matches and put the other over it. Then, you carried that in your pocket and if it happened to get wet, you still had dry matches. I think that was quite different from what we have now.

WHITE PINE AFTER THE BOOM

I'm going to mention something that happened after Ely started to boom. These points that I have been talking about happened while I was a youngster. In 1904 I went to Illinois primarily to study photography. That was something in which I was very much interested as a youngster. "Kodakery," as it exists now, was just unheard of then. The forerunner of the modern Kodak had to be sent back to the factory for reloading each time. It would be loaded with film enough to make fifty exposures then, you sent everything back to the factory and they would develop the film, put in a new load and send it out to you again. Of course, that was a long, long time back.

One young lady here was Mr. Campbell's daughter, of the Campbell Ranch. She had a yen to learn photography and bought a camera, not a Kodak, but a camera. It was close on to an eight by ten in size, there was a transient photographer who used to come through here periodically and set up a studio in a tent for a matter of six weeks both in Cherry Creek and in Ely. She learned

through conversation with him something about it, but primarily, she was self-taught. Well, I became very much interested in that and decided I wanted to be a photographer. So, when the time came that my father could help me, I went away to study. I was gone three years before returning. Nowadays, if a youngster is away at college, he comes back for New Year's and Christmas and Easter and the summer vacation and whenever the opportunity presents itself. But, at that time, money was not only too scarce, but travel was too expensive, too slow. So, when I returned after learning the profession and prepared to establish a business here in Ely, the Boom had struck Ely. So, I went away with a population in Ely of 307 and came back with a population of two or three thousand.

The railroad came in, and all of those things, and I just didn't know my way around town when I came back. Copper, which had originally been considered something that was a nuisance in the gold mining days, because it interfered with the handling of gold, suddenly became the main metal for

mining, and gold and silver were just by-products. Lead mining, which was of primary importance in the earlier days, practically discontinued in this locality.

So, I came here, and the town was booming. The railroad was running regular passenger service, and a little bit later, they even went to having Pullman service between Ely and Salt Lake City so you could get on the Pullman car in Ely in the evening and be in Salt Lake City for breakfast. It made it very, very handy, and very, very nice.

The social life took a terrific change. The little dances that I mentioned earlier were no longer in existence. There was a dance floor that had been erected here in Ely by Mr. Kels Polly. It was a combination dance floor and skating rink for roller skating and located right in the center of town. The floor was hardwood, and a fence surrounded it about eight feet high. Then, above that was a great big tent, similar to a circus tent, so that it could accommodate a crowd of probably two hundred attending a dance. So, our dances were all held there. By that time, of course, we had orchestras and bands, so dance music was not the problem that it had been in earlier days. But, the dances were very seldom public affairs; they were held by invitation of some organized club for more reasons than one: one, to keep it socially select, clean; and second, in order to make the necessary previous arrangements.

Of course, there were Saturday night dances that were open to the public, but the (well, I hate to use the term), but the better type of people were not attracted to that.

So, one of the earlier clubs organized here for the social sense was called the Stroller Club. I think it was organized by a bunch of youngsters, and by youngsters, I don't mean high school students, I mean young men. The young men did outnumber the

young ladies here terrifically, because the accommodations were that way and the jobs were that way. I think they got on somewhat of a "tear" one night, a bunch of them, and strolled around town 'til two or three o'clock, and finally were put to bed. So, they decided to call themselves the "Strollers." They organized a social club which became a very, very fashionable club.

The dances were purely and simply by invitations and if you didn't have an invitation, you just didn't get in. The dancing was all by program, so there was very small chance of a lady or a man being a wallflower. As you came in, you and your lady were handed your program. Then, it was up to the young man to see that the lady's program was filled. He would take it around to the other young men in his group, and he would, of course, write, down his own name for the opening dance and the go-home dance and one or two others, if he wished. There would be two vacancies in the program. One was a ladies' choice and the other was something else where there were no previous arrangements so far as the lady is concerned. There was punch served at the dances; that was free, or the ticket covered it. You would never see a person get intoxicated at one of these dances; he would be thrown out immediately, if he was.

And, the dress was very, very formal. The men, most of them, wore swallow-tail coats, white ties, white gloves and dance pumps. It was permissible, of course, to wear a business suit if it was a dark color and you weren't in possession of the other. Or, you could wear a tuxedo which would be about the same except it didn't have the swallowtail. But, to go there and dance without a coat was simply unheard of.

They usually had the supper, the same as I have mentioned at the earlier dances, and then, would go back and dance just as late

as the orchestra was hired to play, which was usually about three o'clock in the morning. Then, the couples would stop at a restaurant and have a bite. Then, the young man made sure that his lady got home all right.

There was one other dance hall that was built in East Ely by all of the combined labor unions. They wanted something better than Kels Polly's dance hall or skating rink. And, the Mormons had come in here by quite substantial numbers by that time. So, they decided to build a hall that would be a replica, on a small scale, of the Mormon Tabernacle. In other words, they planned a great big floor with a vaulted roof and good acoustical properties, so that it would be ideal for dances. That was built and it was a very, very beautiful thing. I don't mean it was beautiful from the outside, but it had a wonderful dance floor. Many of the club dances and lodge dances were held down there. But, after four or five years, that burned down and it was never rebuilt. There's nothing there to tell anything about it at the present.

There was another club later on that was called the Ishkabibble Club. The Stroller Club had sort of outlived its usefulness and disintegrated, you might say. Nearly everybody got married off or something of the kind, and the social headquarters had moved down to East Ely in the Steptoe Hotel. It was the center of social life for the district. They had a very nice floor there, a nice hotel, lovely eating service, things of that kind. This dance club was then organized by a bunch of the young folks. Ishkabibble is a Yiddish term meaning "I should worry," and that was a very, very common slang expression in those days. Oh, I should worry about whether this happens or not, whether it rains or snows, or whether a girl turns me down, there's always plenty of others. So, it was called the Ishkabibble Club, and (in other words)

care was thrown aside. We were out for the enjoyment of the evening.

At that time, people attending the dances would come down from Kimberly by train or up from McGill by train. Oftentimes, special trains ran for the purpose, or at least, the train would take them home after the dance. But, because of that train schedule, sometimes, the dances had to end a little bit earlier than the others I mentioned where the people stayed all night.

Then, there were two other social organizations quite of a different nature, and these were confined to the men. Women, in those days, did not smoke, they did not drink in public, and they commanded a great deal more social respect (I'm sorry to say) than they do at present. The Slag Club was aptly named because that was the by-product of the smelting process. It was composed entirely of men from, and living in, McGill. It was primarily a high-life drinking club. They would go out and see how much they could forget world affairs during the night. It was ordinarily a banquet, sometimes followed by a dance; but not usually, because, as I say, it was all men. Well, after that was formed, there was the corresponding club formed in Ely, called the Lobster Club. That was by a similar group of men in Ely who were out for a night of drinking and telling of stories, some of which were true and most of which were not, and which would not merit being told in public. In other words, they put on just as wild a night as they possibly could. Then, the climax came when the Slag Club of McGill entertained the corresponding club in Ely, or the reverse would be true. And, those were very, very wild nights! I don't mean to say that the police ever had to come in and break up the crowd or anything of that kind. But, a good many of them ended up on the floor under the table before morning, rather

than otherwise. But, people lived through it quite all right.

Then, after that, the different lodges seemed to take over the social life so far as dances were concerned—the Elks, the Eagles, the Knights of Pythias and things of that kind. Of course, those were all very nice, very formal affairs, and dancing was held in very, very high esteem and conducted in a very orderly and nice manner.

Social card games were very much in evidence. Women, as a rule, did not have daytime jobs like they do now. Many of the women, whose husbands were in executive positions or owned some of the businesses, or had good jobs, didn't have too much to do in the afternoons, particularly if the kids were away at school. They had their card parties. That was a very important part of the social life in the earlier days here in Ely, after the Boom came on.

The card games that were played socially were Five Hundred and Bridge; but Five Hundred primarily, because you didn't get involved in it, and you didn't get mad at your partner, and it was easier to learn. There was a card club here that was called the Spoon Club. That was organized by a bunch of the young ladies, who met every week for their evening of cards. The winner of the highest score of the evening was presented with a silver spoon which would eventually lead up to a set of silverware that might be her wedding silver someday, although, some of them were already married. It was primarily the younger set.

There was a young lady here who was correspondent for the Salt Lake Tribune, and who sent in social items. They sometimes didn't understand things quite as we did here. The hostess, this particular night she was writing about, was Fanny Cupid. So, the news item that she had written in went on to

say that Fanny Cupid entertained the Spoon Club for the evening. But, the Salt Lake paper refused to print it; they said that they were interested in serious things, rather than social events!

Baseball, not football, was one form of outdoor activity that was very, very prominent. In fact, there was such a rivalry between the baseball teams (we'll say between Ely and McGill or the mines and Ely, or the mines and McGill), that one of the requirements when a man was applying for a job was that he was a pretty good ball player, as well as being fit for the technical requirements for his job. And, a nice big ball park down in East Ely and later on a ball park was built in Ely where our city park is now located. There were some quite good ball games. I wasn't directly concerned in those, but I used to go out and photograph the teams and things of that kind. I was engaged in the photographic business at the time.

I will say something about the minority groups—the Greeks and the Irish and the Italians and other foreigners. There was a distinction, yes—not so much because of social distinction, but because of background and language. I can't recall that a person of Italian or Greek extraction was in any way discriminated against in getting an invitation to any of the affairs, but they held their own affairs.

There were a great many Greek immigrants who were employed as day laborers down at McGill and also at the mines, probably, that was the heaviest group. Then were almost no Greek women here, and the men all lived in company tents. There were tents with a floor and side wall and then canvas roofs. There were probably a dozen or so there with their bunks. They were very much like military barracks, so far as the length was concerned. Then, there was a Greek boarding house,

which was separate from the boarding house of the Americans, simply because their food was different. They hired their own help and managed it themselves. They always held a whale of a big celebration on Greek Easter, which was about three weeks different from the Easter of the churches here. That was held at McGill. This big celebration would last two or three days. They would have a big parade through town, with American flags and Greek flags and various dance costumes, for their folk dances, things of that kind, and exchanging of gifts and egg cracking.

Easter eggs figured in their celebration just as much as Easter eggs do in ours. But, they were not colored; they were hard boiled eggs. Supposing you were a Greek and I was one. We would each start out with an egg in our hand or our pocket and I would meet you and say "Hello" and we would crack eggs. That is, I would try to break your egg and you would try to break my egg by extending our hands and hitting the eggs together. Well, if my egg was best, you had to eat your egg, but I kept mine and tried it on somebody else. It might be that I had an egg that was just particularly hard shelled, and I could make people just eat themselves to death eating their own eggs. There was a limitless supply of eggs that way.

And, of course, there was the outdoor roast lamb and roast pig and various native dishes that they were particularly fond of. I think that there were no indoor dances, but a vast variety of outdoor dances by the men, costume dances, and, as I mentioned earlier, folk dances of one kind or the other. They would get a little bit "pickled" before the day was over. It was a spectacular thing, and all of the nonGreeks would be out to watch it.

There was a Greek store here that was owned by Mr. Demetrakapulos. He was the father, or supervisor you might say—an

advisor—of all of the Greeks here. If they needed advice, if they got into trouble, if there was a funeral to be arranged, or anything of that kind, he took care of it for them. I think very few people patronized his store excepting the Greeks. He carried, of course, the things they were particularly interested in. It was quite a big store and as he became fairly well along in years, he married and raised a family. One of his sons, possibly his oldest son, is now our district attorney. But, he changed the name to Demetras which was much more easily pronounced.

I was going to tell you about the funerals that were held by the Greek people. Sometimes, there was a Greek church here; sometimes, there was none. If a member of the Greek colony died, they always held a very elaborate funeral, and if necessary, they would import a priest from Salt Lake or some other community to conduct the service. This was primarily so that his relatives back in the old country could know that when his time came, he was properly taken care of by his friends here. That was a very large part of my business in the photographic line, too. I would photograph every Greek funeral down at the cemetery with the casket held up, the foot of it resting on the ground and held up on an angle so you could see the face there. The cover was off, and all of the immediate friends would be grouped around the casket. That was primarily to be sent back to the old country. But, every member of the group there, of course, would buy one of the photographs and it was a substantial source of business.

Another interesting thing was in connection with their weddings. There were, as I mentioned before, very, very few Greek women here, and the weddings, as a rule, were arranged through an intermediary of some kind back in the old country. The bride-to-be would be sent here oftentimes without ever

having seen the man she was to marry. In fact, I think that was an old country custom that is still prevalent in many localities. The weddings were usually held in the Irish Catholic Church, because the big church was not yet built here. There would be just the one woman there—the bride. Everyone else attending the wedding would be men. The groom had to furnish all of the wedding feast, all of the drinks that were given out, things of that kind. He had to be pretty well heeled in order to do it. But, every guest at the wedding had to individually feed the priest, so the bridegroom did not have to do that. Then, they all trooped up to my photograph studio, and we had a photograph of the bride and groom surrounded by all their immediate guests, not all of them, of course, because you couldn't get them in there. There would be a group of fifteen or twenty, but that would be the wedding party with just one woman. Well, that would be the last time that she would ever appear socially. If there was another wedding here, she did not attend. Her business from then forward was to look after her husband and family as it came on, and so on. Now, many of the descendants of those Greek families are still here and are a very, very important part of our community.

Then, at the mines, there were a great many Welsh people, Welsh miners. It was an hereditary profession or calling you might say. They had worked for generations in the mines in the old country and Cornwall. Cornwall and Wales are substantially the same. They carried on their social life very much by themselves. There was no discrimination of any kind. Sometimes, they were a little hard to understand; they spoke English, but it was with quite a definite cockney accent. They had their soccer games, and there was another game they played that was a good deal the same as our football. They would have some

real contests up there. As the pit opened up, and fewer and fewer underground miners were employed, gradually very few of them were left who remained here permanently. They were not referred to as Welshmen or Cornishmen, but as "Cousin Jacks." I knew some of them intimately.

There was a cave-in in one of the mines (I think that was the Alpha Shaft) where men were working on, I'll say, the 1200-foot level. It was way down deep. They had a cave-in, and these miners were buried down there. But, there was a pipe line that was used for forcing air down there for ventilation purposes and that remained intact, and also telephone communications down there were still continued. Food could be sent down. They were down there six weeks before they were eventually brought to the surface. They were brought up at night. I was in the photographic business then, and people wanted me to photograph them as they were brought up. But, the officials said "no" because it might be too much shock coming up out of all that darkness and seeing things that they were not expecting. Photographs were then made, not by flash bulb, but by an explosion of flash powder which would be a little bit noisy and a little bit startling. Of those three men, one of them did not go back into mining; that was rather easily understandable. One of them died, not as a result of that, but from other causes some three or four years later. The other seemingly had no effect on his life at all, he continued working in mines or whatever job was furnished. This particular man was single, the other two were married, but that was something that we were watching here. Everybody just lived around that mine while those men were being rescued.

The Irish were here in very, very small numbers; not enough to say that they were a separate part of the community in any way,

shape, or form. There were few immigrants from Ireland, but mainly people of Irish ancestry.

The Italians did not have a community of their own. They had their own parties. It may be very true that many of them were here without a knowledge of the English language and had to have help. They were not organized as the Greeks were. The Italians were mostly around Lane City which was quite a community about three miles from Ely. There's practically no one living there now, but probably three or four hundred people lived there at one time.

I had an older sister who taught school in Lane City and most of her pupils were of Italian heritage, although they, of course, spoke good English. They also imbibed very heavily of garlic; and my sister passed a regulation that the youngsters couldn't eat garlic except on Saturday and Sunday when there was no school, because the results were so overwhelming. Even so, Monday morning was pretty bad.

The Japanese came in later, probably fifteen or twenty years later than the Greeks did, and then, they formed their own communities. They didn't have a social life that the other foreign people had, but they did have their own communities. There were a good many of them who did not speak English. There was quite a number of them. I'd guess that they outnumbered any other nationality for the unskilled labor corps at McGill when the second World War broke out. Then, they were all interned. Most of them shipped out of the community to the internment camp, mostly down in Oregon and California. As a group, they never returned, but a great many of the individual Japanese did, and they became very good, very desirable citizen..

I will tell about Reipetown. Reipetown was an institution. There was a company

regulation that there could be no intoxicating liquors sold on the property that was owned by the mining companies. Reipetown was just off-limits because it was not owned. At McGill, they made one exception. The McGill Club was a saloon, but it was owned by members, at least, of the mining companies, so they could supervise it very, very strictly; and they did. They had certain hours that they could open, certain things that could be sold and not be sold. They felt that it was better to have something of that kind available and under strict supervision than to have their help patronizing places that were off-bounds. Reipetown wasn't a wild town. There were no houses of prostitution there. There were, if I remember rightly, eleven saloons and one store. You could buy most anything you wanted in the way of refreshment of various kinds there. It was altogether a "whoopie town." There were two boarding houses there, too, and they served meals primarily of Italian vintage. It was quite a stunt for dinner parties to be formed at Ely and go up to Reipetown and have a dinner where, of course, the Italian wine would be served with the dinners. You would get spaghetti and Italian cooking there, and they were very, very nice, indeed. Reipetown was not altogether a place to be avoided, but it could be a little bit wild. It just gradually disintegrated as the saloons in Ely more or less got into their business.

It was named Reipetown because the area then was owned by Mr. Dick Reipe, who was one of the very earliest of the old-timers in Ely. He owned a bar and a hotel in Ely long before I was born. At the area where Reipetown was established later, there was a rock quarry where the stone could be cut and made into very, very attractive looking building stone. So, that was called the Reipe Quarry. Reipetown was built right adjoining that.

When the Northern Hotel was built here in Ely, the east wall, which they wanted to be entirely fireproof, was built of rock from Dick Reipe's quarry. The wall was about eighteen inches two feet thick, and three stories high; very attractive looking. But, after the stone got out into the air, it deteriorated and started to crumble. Inside of three years, they had to tear that wall down and rebuild it with brick.

Brick was manufactured in Ely. There was a brick kiln locally operated, but no other stone was ever used. The stone that was used in building the Nevada Northern Depot in East Ely was hauled in from Curry, which is about ninety miles north of Ely, between Ely and the Union Pacific Railroad. That stone was very, very good indeed.

Rag Town and Rag Dump and Steptoe City and Smelterville were all just little places off-limits around McGill where the McGill supervision did not extend. They were not rough. They were places where if you wanted to go if the McGill clubs were closed, you could go out there. Or, if you wanted to perhaps carry on a little bit wilder than it would be permissible in the other saloons, those little towns were open.

I'm going to tell you something else about saloons that is a little bit reminiscent. I think I did mention that in the real early days here, you never saw a woman in a saloon. It just wasn't done. And, that was true in the earlier days after the Boom case, and Ely was a thriving community. There were quite a few saloons here, and someone hit upon the idea of having a woman sing in one of the saloons. Well, that was something that was almost unheard of. But, it had been done in some of the night clubs in Eastern cities, so they tried it here. The city, if I remember right, passed an ordinance that a woman could sing or take part in music as an entertainer in a saloon, providing that it was separate from the

barroom. So, they usually put a stage up that was separate. There could be a pianist there, and the woman vocalist, and sometimes, some very, very fine talent.

I remember one particularly, who was a songstress in Dick Reipe's saloon. She was accompanied by her mother. The mother sat there with her knitting all the time while her daughter was singing. She usually sang songs by request. They were the old-time folk song, rather than the jazz stuff that we hear now. This songstress never associated with the underworld in any way, shape or form. She was hired, and after she had completed her contract, she was earning enough money to take up a musical education elsewhere. Before she left, she gave a concert to the public in one of the motion picture theaters here. It was a very beautiful, delightful thing, attended by everybody, as a social function. Well, then, things deteriorated and it got so women were singing in all of the saloons.

GALLAGHER: POLITICIAN

I will tell about the political activity. That was very important here in the earlier days of Ely. Now, I'm speaking of when Ely was a city along 1910, 1912, or thereabout. The campaigns were very, very rigorously and fully conducted. Wherever there was a campaign going on, whether it was candidates from the outside or state candidates, there was always a political parade with torch lights and band processions and everything else ending up where the place where the public dance would be held. That was to attract a crowd, of course. There would be speaking for an hour or so, and then, a big dance afterwards. It was a way of getting acquainted, and I think it was a very desirable way of doing it. They were very hotly contested elections.

We had one County Commissioner, Mr. Stevens. He was the County Commissioner at the time the court house was built and the grounds laid out. A pond was built down in front of the court house. He had a little pagoda built in the middle of that pond. There were ducks on the pond and swans—they had some real swans there. There was a bandstand in

front of the court house. There was a great deal of criticism of spending money for building this pond as a place for ducks and a house for them to live in. The people made such a furor over that, that when he ran for re-election, he was defeated on the basis of the duck pond!

Sometimes the questions were rather unusual. In another one of these elections, there were two candidates for sheriff. They were good friends. When the ballots were counted, there was an exact even tie. Well, instead of contesting the election or having a recount, they agreed they would just toss a coin and see who made it, and they did. The fellow that won became sheriff, and the other fellow said nothing about it. It was rather a nice way of settling things.

They had an expression in those days. If a candidate did not get elected the saying was that he was sent "up Salt River." I don't know when it originated, but it was a common expression. You got elected, but I went "up Salt River." Well, the same election where they had to toss a coin to see who was going to be our next sheriff, there were a good many

candidates. There were candidates for all of the county offices, not the city offices. It was quite a campaign and, of course, only part of them got elected. Well, the defeated candidates got together afterwards, immediately after elections, and they threw a Salt River party. They went to a big banquet and invited their friends to celebrate the fact that they weren't elected. Perhaps that was a rather humane way of looking at being defeated!

Kennecott and other companies took little part in local politics in the early days. In later years, they were very much interested in legislation, particularly that would affect wages and hours and union activities and things of that kind. But, in those earlier days, they had very little to say about it. In fact, we wouldn't say that a candidate was a labor candidate, or sponsored or backed by organized labor or by the company.

I might mention a little about my own political activities; it rather ran in the family. My father was a County Commissioner for sixteen years and a State Senator for four years. My eldest brother was mayor of Ely for about sixteen years. In fact, he was mayor at the time of his death. I was in the legislature for a total of some sixteen years. My first political campaign came about in a rather unusual way. We had no primaries then (I'm speaking now of the year 1914). When the county convention was held, all the candidates were picked out at the convention and nominated. There were four assemblymen to be nominated, on each party's ticket, from this county and they didn't have enough candidates, apparently. My father was a member of the convention and I was not; I was busy taking care of my photographic business. Someone asked him how his son, Charlie, would work out. "Well, I never talked to him about it, but I'd try it." Someone else said, "Well, all he has to have is the Republican

background and a gift for gab. He ought to be a good candidate." So, they appointed a committee to come and wait on me. It was kind of out of a blue sky, you know, but, I was immensely complimented that they should want me. I didn't realize that it was the last choice they had! They had to get somebody. So, I said yes, I would be a candidate.

The way the campaigns were carried on in those days was very, very interesting. It wasn't so much an individual candidate going out and beating the bush and knocking on doors and so on. Our heaviest vote was out in the rural communities—in Hamilton, Cherry Creek, Osceola, Baker, Lund, and Preston, and places of that kind. So, our party and the Democrats would do exactly the same. We would organize a rally, (we'll say in Hamilton) set for a certain night. We would have our parade there just the same as it was in Ely. We'd have our big dance. It was all arranged. The candidates of the political party paid all the expenses, of course, and there would be speaking that would take an hour or so. Then, we would dance the rest of the night and have a whale of a good time. It was more a case of getting acquainted than anything else. There weren't issues; in fact, there aren't very much nowadays. It was personality that would win an election more than anything else. Well, then, we would do the same in Spring Valley and have a big dance at one of the school houses. At Osceola, there would probably be fifty or seventy-five votes then; there isn't anybody now.

Well, we had our biggest rally always out of town in Cherry Creek. Cherry Creek had quite a community at that time and there were certain things that we had to observe rather carefully. There were two cliques there. In earlier days, Mike Dolan had shot Pat Green in a saloon as a result of some argument they had the night before. So, the next morning

Green came back from his ranch and took a shot gun and shot Dolan to death. The Green family, by the time I'm telling of, consisted of probably six or seven or eight youngsters, and the same way with the Dolan family. There was a feud after that between the Dolans and the Greens lasting for many years. So, at the dances, none of the Dolans would ever dance with the Greens, or any of the Greens with the Dolans. They sat on opposite sides of the hall between dances, so you had to be very, very careful of whom you danced with. If you danced with one of the Green ladies, then, the next dance, you better dance with one of the Dolans, because they were watching you all the time. You didn't show any partiality, or you were getting in bad there, at the political dance! That would be true of any of the dances.

Well, that was about the time that "ragging" started. The dances formerly, had been very, very formal as I mentioned—the waltzes, the schottische, and so on. Rut, the "ragging" which was the forerunner of the Charleston and various dances of that type was just beginning to come in. A lot of the young folks took to it very, very much; it was "jazzy" you know, and had good rhythm to it. But, the older folk, didn't think it was just moral, and you had to be very, very careful. Well, I hadn't learned to "rag," but I could do some pretty good dancing the other ways.

In the Cherry Creek hall, we decided that "ragging" wouldn't be permitted at all at our Republican rally that fall when I was a candidate. There were too many people there that felt that it wasn't just right and we didn't want to antagonize anybody. So, it was just announced that "ragging" would not be permitted. We had a whale of a good rally. All of our local candidates were there and there were the two candidates for senator (we had two senators from this county then). I

think just one senator was elected that year and in two years, another one; but, all four candidates for the assembly came, and it was a very, very successful time.

Well, ten days later on, the Democrats held their rally there. There was a young fellow by the name of Dick Dickinson. He was probably one of the most popular young fellows, very personable and very likeable, and about my age, and was a candidate in the opposing party as a candidate for the assembly. He was a very close, personal friend of mine, but that didn't make any difference. He loved to "rag," and he could do it in great shape. So, when the Democrats held their rally there, they decided that since the Republicans didn't allow "ragging," they probably had better not have it either. The word went out that "ragging" would be permitted.

Well, there was a very nice school teacher there, too, and she liked to "rag." She and Dick Dickinson hit it off pretty well at the dance. They hadn't known each other at all before. The dance hall was on the second floor, and then, there was a veranda when you could walk out there and get a breath of fresh air. So, they walked out there for a breath of fresh air during one of the dances while everyone else was busy, and they thought, "Well, nobody is watching, let's try 'ragging' out here." Some of the local people happened to catch them, and that raised a heck of a commotion! Well, I don't know exactly what the outcome of it was in numbers, but substantially, it was that Dick Dickinson didn't get any votes at Cherry Creek, but Gallagher got his. Dick got elected by votes from some of the other communities, so, we both went to the legislature. He was a Democrat and I was a Republican, and we both got elected. I enjoyed campaigning very, very much.

When I was a member of the assembly, the rural communities decided the election. The

campaigning I mentioned before in Cherry Creek, Hamilton, Lund, Preston, Osceola, and Baker were very much more important. When we campaigned the first year, it was in horse and buggy; the next year in a car. We would start out, usually a group of two or three and go over the entire county, being gone all of that time, just staying overnight here and there and somewhere else. Now, in more recent campaigns, that was no longer necessary. You could travel a lot more rapidly. And, the out-of-town voters had moved to the urban areas. With the exception of Lund and Preston, I think there were no heavy voting communities outside of McGill and the immediate area. The old principle of being backed by party organizations was about the same. I think in more recent elections, there was more financial support for campaign purposes, for advertising, putting out printing, radio appearances, and things of that kind, than there had been in earlier days. Of course, there were no radios then, but we pretty well paid our own expenses of the campaign and limited it to rather a small amount in the earlier days. But, of course, the expense of later campaigns, the last campaign for instance, were a great deal heavier. That was true here; it was true everywhere.

In the first campaign, it was the first year of what was called the "purity of election law" when you were not allowed to carry a jug of whiskey around with you for the benefit of a treat to the voters where you were going around the county, or to buy drinks for potential voters in the saloons. I think that was passed the previous session of legislature. Up until that time, if a person was campaigning over a county, he invariably carried a jug of whiskey with him. And, if he stopped at a ranch, "Why, have a drink with me!" And, the fellow would take as big a drink out of that jug that he could swallow at one

time. The campaigner was usually a little bit more reserved. He couldn't take too much at one time! But, that was honestly the heaviest item of the campaign expense, the whiskey that was bought, and the buying of cigars and whiskey over the bar. That law was afterwards repealed; it's not in existence now, but during the first two campaigns that I took part in, that kind of treating was outlawed.

Well, we went to Carson, of course, absolutely green. Both Dick and myself were greenhorns. Mr. Bill Goodman was re-elected from previous experience, and so was Alec Baird. So, we had two to help us get organized at the Capital.

I think we were both more interested in the social activities down in Carson than we were in the legislature. A long time ago, legislators were more acceptable socially than they are nowadays. Dances were held frequently there, sometimes up at the Governor's mansion. He'd ask a bunch up; they'd roll back the carpet, have some music there and we would have an informal dance. Or, there would be a big formal dance at the opera house which is no longer in existence there. It was very, very fine. There was a grand opera star there; I can't remember her name. She was in Carson waiting for a divorce, making her residence there, you know. She had given a concert or two there, beautiful music. So, I asked her to dance with me at one of these dances. She said, "Do you know how to 'rag?'" I said, "No, I don't know how." She said, "I'll show you." So, she taught me how to "rag." There is no doubt in my own mind that was one of the quickest accomplishments of that session of the legislature!

But, I should be speaking seriously of things that have charged. That session of the legislature in 1915 was the first session that was held in the present legislative chambers. Those two additions had been put on just

previous to that time. Things were very, very new. Well, there was a balcony there, and mostly, the visitors sat in the balcony. A good many came in to watch what was going on. But, anyhow, Standing Rule 38 in the Assembly was that smoking was not permitted while the legislature was actually in session, and, it was enforced. Well, we would meet at nine o'clock in the morning and along about ten or ten-thirty, when things got pretty well under way, some of those who were in the habit of smoking would look around to see if there were any ladies up in the balcony. If there were no ladies in the building or in the room, someone would get up and move that Rule 38 be suspended for the rest of the morning and we would all look around for ladies. Then, we would vote for the suspension of the rule, and everybody would take out their cigarettes and they could smoke if they wanted to. But, there was no smoking if there were ladies present. But, that has changed.

In 1915, one of the bills that our county delegation introduced was to annex the northern part of Lincoln County to White Pine. That was because all of the towns, then, in that area of Lincoln County traded in White Pine County and it was a very, very long distance down to Pioche and Caliente. All the ranchers there had petitions to have that change made and it was agreeable to the representatives of their county. It was a campaign issue in the previous election. Whoever was elected from Lincoln County would be agreeable to transferring the northern fifteen or twenty miles of the county to White Pine. Of course, White Pine was agreeable to it, too. Also, as I remember, the bill included transferring a narrow section of White Pine County and adding it to Eureka County for similar reason. That particular valley was occupied by ranchers whose business connections would be more

properly carried on in Eureka. In other words, they would be fifteen or twenty miles from Eureka, where coming to Ely would be a two-day trip. When the bills were introduced in the legislature, and came up for a vote, the representatives of the other counties reneged; they wouldn't go along with us, so nothing came of that.

I also recall introducing a bill for a bond issue to build a school house at Lane City, which is three miles from Ely. Well, I didn't know exactly how to do it, so I thought, "Well, I'll refer to some other bill that has been passed in previous sessions, and more or less copy the wording of it, just fitting it to our particular locality." The one that I happened to get ahold of apparently was for a county bond issue or something of the kind, and it ended up with the wording, "The faith of the State of Nevada is guaranteed for the payment of these bonds." That normally would not appear in a school bond issue, it would be "the faith of the county." Nevertheless, nobody else ever noticed it and the bill went through. I was afterwards told that that was the only bill ever passed whereby a school bond issue was guaranteed by the State of Nevada. The bond sold very nicely.

Well, it seems to me that it was either in the 1915 session or the subsequent one (it doesn't make any difference which; it was typical of the time anyhow), one of the most important pieces of legislation enacted was to cut down the length of residence before you could file for divorce from six months to three months. We felt that that would bring a lot more business to Reno, and it did. At the second session that I was there in 1917, we felt that if there was national prohibition, it would be best that we have a state prohibition, too. Even the saloons didn't oppose it. So, it carried. I think a good many, down in their hearts, felt that they would make more money

bootlegging or moonshining than they would in their legitimate business; and, I think a great many of them did.

Another piece of legislation that I can remember (it's a funny thing how you will remember relatively unimportant things) was to make the sagebrush the official state emblem or flower of Nevada. I can remember it so well; it was the "artemesia tridentata, otherwise known as the sagebrush." I couldn't remember that now if it were to be reintroduced to the legislature! I was a youngster then; I was past the voting age, of course, but I wasn't mature. We were dead scared of the Senate; we never went over there. Those were all high-brows. I don't think I was over then more than once or twice just to look on. I was scared stiff when I went over there.

There was another thing that would be very different from the sessions now. There was one big hotel in Carson City, the Arlington Hotel. There was no such thing as a motel then. Then were two or three other secondary hotels, but all the social life, hotel life, was centered around the Arlington Motel. They had a big ballroom there, and a big banquet room. It was a very, very fashionable place. But, our pay was \$10.00 a day and a great many of us couldn't afford to stay at the Arlington Hotel. Well, most of us then stayed at private homes; we would rent a room. The first time I was down then, Senator Chapin from Ely was a close, personal friend of mine. We shared a room together, and paid \$30.00 a month. There were two beds in there, and we had to build our own fire in the morning in a little stove that was in the room. When we got home in the afternoon from a session, the fire was already built and ready for us. We ate at a boarding house. There were not the restaurants in town that there are now, except that there may have been one or two in the hotels. The Arlington had its restaurant

and maybe then was one other, but nearly everyone ate at boarding houses. We had our three meals at the boarding house; I can't recall just exactly what we paid, but I would say not more than \$1.50 or \$2.00 a day. Well, it was all right; we enjoyed it. It was the accepted thing to do and the fact that you hadn't money and had to economize was no stigma in any way, shape, or form. Only those who were well-to-do stayed at the Arlington Hotel.

In 1917 I was re-elected and went back again. Senator Chapin was there also. That year, we got a room, then, at the Arlington, although we did not eat there. It was a double room and then was another double room that shared the same bath occupied by two other legislators. We paid \$60.00 a month. In other words, we paid \$30.00 a month or \$1.00 a day. But, we ate out. It just seemed to fit a little bit better and we were older timers at that time, and it seemed that we must act a little more grown up that way.

We did not have to legislate on labor problems during the two terms that I was there. When my father was a member of the legislature in 1905 and 1907, they passed the eight-hour law. Previous to that time, a miner worked twelve hours a day, twelve-hour shifts. But, it was changed to eight hours. But, there was a circumstance that came up at that time that more or less falls in that category.

A bill had been introduced to make an old miners' home out of the Bowers' Mansion for the price of \$15,000. Fifteen thousand dollars was quite a bit of money in those days. Bowers' Mansion was privately owned. It was not worth a "continental hoot," so far as value was concerned; it was just wasteland and the windows were boarded up. The house was just kept intact, and that was about all. But, the owner undoubtedly had the feeling that by appealing to popular sentiment, or sentimentality rather, and turning that into

a home for old miners who no longer could take care of themselves, that he would be able to sell it for \$15,000. That was probably four or five times its market value. Well, my father was, of course, a fairly sharp businessman because he had to be, and he and several others couldn't go for that. They said that it was to be sold at its market value, or they wouldn't support such a bill. But, to spend \$15,000 for that place, they just wouldn't go for it. So, the bill never carried. During the same session there was a bill introduced to build the Governors Mansion, which is the building now in existence. That cost \$25,000. Nevada, I guess, was the only state in the Union where the Governor had to live in a boarding house if he didn't have his own home. It was felt that the dignity of the State of Nevada required that he have an official residence. Well, Bowers' Mansion bill was killed; the Governor's Mansion bill passed. When my father ran for reelection, the issue was brought out, "don't vote for Gallagher, he voted against the old miners' home and for the Governor's Mansion. He was not re-elected.

I do not recall anything radical in the way of legislation during my time. They had their labor committees. When I was in the legislature in 1915, we had no decorations on the inside of the assembly chamber. An artist who lived down near Genoa, on his own speculation, painted a portrait of former President Lincoln and hung it with the hope that the legislature would purchase it. But, he wanted quite a bit of money for it. We were pretty dollar conscious and couldn't see the possibility of spending much money for a painting to be hung in the chamber. The following session in 1917, the painting was still hanging there, but as the property of the artist. Then, we pushed through a bill appropriating \$1,500 to buy the painting of

President Lincoln which is now hanging, and has been hanging ever since, in the assembly chambers.

Another appropriation that was made was to soundproof the walls of the senate and assembly chambers. The session in 1915, as I mentioned, was the first session after the legislative wings had been added to the capital. The echo in there was terrific! It was almost impossible to hear someone speak if he was in the back part of the room, and his voice would echo and rumble. So, we made an appropriation to have the walls soundproofed. I don't know how it was done, but it seems to me that there were soundproofing plates of some kind that were pasted or glued to the walls. They were quite effective. So, at least, we did something for posterity.

Allen McBride from Elko was the Speaker of the assembly. He's the young chap I mentioned as being somewhat older than myself, but nevertheless a very active young squirt socially. I think that he did not return in 1917; he dropped out of politics. His father had a labor business in Elko and the young McBride was preparing to take over. The Speaker pro tem was Mr. Whitesides. I remember him particularly as the only man who wore a wig. It was not like a lady's wig of nowadays; it was simply because he was baldheaded, and he wanted to look more attractive than he did.

C. W. Dickinson was another assemblyman from White Pine County. He was the young chap I mentioned who danced the "rag" out on the front porch of the Cherry Creek dance hall. He was quite a dapper young chap, too.

Tracy Fairchild was what we might call the most substantial man in the assembly. He probably carried the greatest amount of weight. He was comparatively wealthy, had a great deal of business experience. I would say he would compare very favorably with

our more recent state senator from Minden, Settelmeyer. He was of that general type.

I seem to recall, maybe not in the 1913 session, but in the 1917 session, that Mr. Golden, the son of the owner of the Golden Hotel was a member of the legislature. As a consequence, the Golden Hotel was the headquarters of all the legislators when they went to Reno. It was not unusual to troop up to Reno over the weekend adjournment or recess. All of the travel between Reno and Carson was on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad and the social event of the day, really, was at four o'clock when the train was pulling out for Reno. Everybody would go down to the depot to see their friends off, and chatter and shake hands and visit around. We didn't have the same reception in the morning when the train returned because that was pretty early—eight o'clock in the morning, as a rule. The travel on the railroad was sociable and enjoyable; it took not quite an hour. Sometimes, we would sing; sometimes, we would read; sometimes, we would talk; but, it was a real picnic in its way.

Now, I will get back to the membership. The senate, at the time, had two senators from White Pine County—Senator Chapin, who was, at that time, editor of the Ely Record, a very, very able man and Senator J. H. Fulmer, who was a brakeman on the Nevada Northern Railroad. The interesting thing that I wanted to bring out was that both Elko and White Pine Counties were entitled to two senators, whereas Clark County had one senator. Somewhat of a change from the present! Pershing County did not exist at that time.

The legislature was pretty well controlled numerically by the representatives from Tonopah and Goldfield, because those were the important and most populous communities in the state outside of Reno.

There wasn't the outside pressure then on legislators so much as nowadays; in other words, organized lobbies. Now, there was an exception to that. In earlier days, all of the members of the legislature (and, I presume all state officers, also) received an annual pass from the Union Pacific Railroad. That was good for travel anywhere in the United States as often and as far as they wished. It was rather taken for granted that the railroad would receive certain favors in legislation as a result. It became much a scandal that along about the turn of the century the practice was outlawed by the legislature. They didn't want to do it themselves, but there was such a strong public pressure that any member of the legislature was prohibited from receiving a pass on the railroads. However, there were several members of the legislature who were in the newspaper business, and they received passes as a result of their newspaper connection, not as members of the legislature. So, the railroad did not have as heavy an influence as previously. I am told that in the earlier days the railroads almost dictated the policies of the legislature of the various western states.

I don't remember much about Governor Boyle. Somehow I didn't get well acquainted with him. The Governors in those days wore top hats when they were out in parades. And, there was a social superiority above the members of the legislature. You didn't pat the Governor on the back like you do nowadays he was more reserved. Quite possibly the fact that I was pretty much of a youngster made me a little reticent in forming acquaintances at that time. I do recall the social evenings that we had up at his home, but that was, I think really more on the account of his wife's social connotations rather than his own. I couldn't say very much about him.

The Lieutenant Governor, Maurice J. Sullivan, was a merchant from Tonopah or Goldfield, and a quite wealthy man. His wife was probably one of the most attractive-looking and best dressed women in Carson. I became very much better acquainted with the Lieutenant Governor than I did with the Governor himself. We very, very frequently attended big dances and parties and things of that kind at his home.

I also recall that the total appropriation for running the State of Nevada for two years, that would be until the next session, was \$3,000,000. In other words, it required \$1,500,000 a year to run the State of Nevada, the University, the State contribution to the school system, all salaries, everything else.

I gained satisfaction from the fact that people were pretty well satisfied with the way we did things. There is also a certain amount of personal ego that goes with a job of that kind. In fact, if it hadn't been for the first World War, I might have been Lieutenant Governor of Nevada.

The Lieutenant Governor's job, then, was a very unimportant thing. Secretary of State, state treasurer, the state this, that, and the other, mining inspector, Governor—they were very much sought after. But, the Lieutenant Governor drew practically no salary. He had no duties, other than presiding over the senate, excepting that he was in command of the State militia, or something of that kind. He does succeed to the governorship in case of a vacancy, I mean the death of the Governor. It was hard to find a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. While I was a member of the assembly, the Speaker and I were young friends together. He was also unmarried, and he liked to be absent at times and asked me to preside. So, I presided over the assembly as a greenhorn very, very frequently, and

rather built a reputation as a presiding officer. After the second session in 1917, they were beginning to talk up the candidates for the next election. The Republicans pretty well decided that they would like Gallagher to run for Lieutenant Governor just because he was now pretty well known and young and good looking and a pretty good candidate and nobody else wanted it. I probably would have been nominated, but, of course, instead of that, I went into the Army when the war broke out. I thought I was out of politics forever. And, the people re-elected the Democrat, Maurice Sullivan. That is what I remember as among the near-misses. I'm not altogether unhappy with the way things turned out.

I ran for the assembly position because I had a feeling that I would like to do what they asked me; they were friends of mine. I was very much complimented that they would ask; and a certain amount of grandeur seemed to loom in the future for doing something of that kind. Also, the \$600 that I would get for two month's pay which was a whale of a lot of money—more than I was making at my business at that time. While I was down then (in Carson), I had a partner who carried on for me and financially, I came out ahead. That had a deal to do with it; money was hard to come by, much harder than it is nowadays. Now, a member of the legislature draws \$65.00 a day against my \$10.00 then, and probably comes home with less of it than I did!

When the Second world War broke out. I had a young man working in my studio, a Mr. Fielding, whom I had trained as a photographer. I took him in as a lad. Of course, he was available for the draft, and felt that he should go anyhow. So, he went into the military service. It had been kind of understood between us that one day he would take over the studio, and I would take things

a bit easier. So, after the war was over and he returned, we arranged that after a year and a half, or a couple of years, I sold the studio to him just for inventory. He was able to get a G.I. Loan to make the purchase, so he bought out the business and I retired. I hadn't anything particular in mind except just enjoying life. I was not necessarily at the age where you had to sit in a rocking chair and do nothing.

Then, a friend of mine spoke to me one day and said, "Why don't you file for the State Senate? The last senator we had wasn't too good, and he's not going to be a candidate again. You're nil known around here. You're in the photographic business, and you know practically everybody in the county. Your various connections have been very satisfactory, and I think you could make it. Well, I thought it over for two or three days, and thought that I had nothing to lose, so I'd try it.

The man who was running against me was the president of the Musicians' Union and he was band leader in the grade school. Of course, everybody knew him, too, because all of the youngsters in the school had taken training under him. So, it was hip and tuck so far as personal popularity and county-wide acquaintance was concerned. But, I did win out by about 125 votes.

At that time, the union activities were much more pronounced than they had been in earlier days. Labor leaders were very active in trying to get their own candidates into the legislature. Well, because of my previous experience in school work, and association with school activities, and the photographic business, the fact that three of my sisters had been school teachers, when the senate was organized, I asked for the chairmanship of the Education Committee. Most of my work in the State Senate was in connection with education matters. I also asked and

received an appointment as a member of the Judiciary Committee, which was asking quite a bit because I was not an attorney. But, they thought pretty well of me in advance. I'm not saying that in an egotistical spirit at all, but it was true. I succeeded in getting an appointment as a member of the Judiciary Committee.

Those two committees, probably with the exception of the Finance Committee, had more to do with the influence of legislation than any other groups in the Senate. It was not possible to be a member of those two committees and also of the Finance Committee, because of the conflict in time involved in committee hearings. We were kept quite busy. I can't recall any particular thing that was more controversial than anything else. In those sessions after the legislature was organized (it was organized along party lines, of course), the Senate was in the control of the Republicans.

All through the time that I was there, the numerical superiority of the committee membership went to the Republicans, and the smaller number to the Democrats, usually two to one or three out of five, or something of that kind. The same would be very largely true of the Democrats in the assembly. After organization took place, politics was very largely a secondary matter. The governor at the time was a Republican, the senate was Republican, the Democrats had control of the assembly. But, bills were not introduced or tried to be passed or presented on a party basis at all. It was very largely on their merits.

Our more recent Governor, Governor Grant Sawyer, was very much more of a politician and tried very, very hard and very successfully to have a political control over the assembly. He was successful in doing that, but, of course, he could not control the

Senate because it was a different political organization.

I think that the largest controversy occurred during the 1963 session when the Governor wanted to have his official cabinet formed so that he would have more time for appearances over the state, for his own advancement, to keep track of what was going on, or for political activity. And, it would perhaps help to coordinate many of the department activities. From his standpoint, it was a very desirable move that he would have a department of education, a department of banking, a department of this, that, and the other. Then, he could turn the supervision and responsibilities of the various executive duties over to these departments. In the Senate, the Republicans were not sold on the idea at all, with one or two minor exceptions.

Senator Slattery of Virginia City was a Republican, but for some reason, previous to the session of legislature, he had made an agreement with the Governor that he would support this. Whether that was in return for certain favors that were to be granted by the Governor, I don't know. He never stated why he had made these commitments, but he felt an obligation to back them up. So, he voted pretty generally with the Democrats in all matters in connection with the Governor's cabinet.

Nevertheless, we vote able to modify it very, very substantially. We cut out one member completely, and removed the department of highways and the department of education from his cabinet. It was my responsibility to take charge of that particular fight, and we got away with it. We held public hearings in joint session and asked department heads their particular views on the question. Almost without exception, they were opposed to it because it took control of their own department way from themselves

and put it into the hands of someone else who would be over them—probably with someone with less experience, less knowledge of those affairs.

The different department heads felt it would hamper the effective handling of their own work. Now, that would be particularly true of the banking department, and the education department and the highway department. There were two or three of the who felt that it did not make a great deal of difference. Now, whether that was their own conviction, or whether they felt that it was political expediency to go along with the Governor or not, I don't know. But, the department that seemed to work out the best afterwards was the Department of Social Welfare, and then was not a great deal of opposition there. The Republicans in the Senate recognized that fact, and did not greatly oppose that particular coordination of the welfare department and the state hospital, the boy's school, the orphan home, and things of that kind into one general department. I think that did work out fairly satisfactorily. As for the others, I'm still not convinced that they accomplished anything more than increase the power that the Governor had politically over his subordinates.

In the 1950s, there had been a great deal of inequality in the distribution of school funds, giving quite an advantage to the more populous communities. So, a resolution had been passed previously by the legislature asking the legislative commission, if I remember rightly, to appoint a committee of non-legislators to make a study of what they felt was the wisest and to report that to the legislative commission (of which I was a member almost through my entire life in the Senate). This citizens' committee came up with what was called the Peabody Formula, where the basis of money apportionment

was very largely upon the basic cost of operating a classroom, instead of average daily attendance.

There was some objection, of course, to that from the communities that had been more favorably recognized in the previous setups, but, it was enacted and seem to met afterwards with quite general approval. Then, as time went on, there were certain portions of that that became not too successful in their administration, and various studies have been conducted since. I was very, very active in promoting that, because I thought it was very much to the advantage of the so-called "cow counties" that a form of that kind be adopted. I will mention that in recognition of work along that line, I was made an honorary life member of the PTA after the session was over.

Gambling control was also quite controversial. We had a State Senator who had been appointed from the Goldfield area, Senator Cord. His appointment was quite controversial. He was very, very much interested in the gambling business, in real estate, and things of that kind. In fact, he had made Nevada his official residence, although his interests were mainly in California. He made Nevada his residence for tax purposes largely. Then, when the gambling control bills came up, he was almost invariably on the side of the gambling interests. Now, he was a man who never made a talk in the Senate, but, behind the scenes, he was quite effective.

A particular bill that I have in mind, where Cord was most concerned, was a bill that enabled the Gaming Commission to close any saloon or casino immediately, if they found that the plan was violating a law or permitting cheating. The opposition wanted the law to be so that the gambling hall could not be closed by the Gaming Commission until the matter had been settled in the courts. Well, we knew perfectly well that

when anything is being tried before court, it can be appealed to another court and lawyers can delay it and delay it. It might mean that a saloon or gambling establishment was cheating and violating rules of the Gaming Commission, but could still stay in business. The fight was very, very bitter on that. But, we did win out and got it so the gambling board could arbitrarily, on ten-minutes notice, close the business where they find the law violated. And, that is still the situation. Lieutenant Governor Rex Bell was on our side, in spite of the fact that he was a merchant very largely engaged in business that was patronized by the gambling element down in Las Vegas. He was very much respected.

I didn't have too much contact with Lieutenant Governor Cliff Jones in my first session of the legislature. He was presiding over the Senate all the time, of course, and a very able man in that respect. I thought him a very, very fair man so far as his work in the legislature was concerned. Afterwards, when he was not Lieutenant Governor, then, he was actively associated with the gambling interests as attorney for perhaps more than one of the houses in Las Vegas, and the owner of percentages at least, of the gambling establishments. I never in any of my experiences found that he was unfair in any way, shape, or form. He was looking after the businesses in which he was involved very much the same as Senator B. Mahlon Brown does now.

Brown is a very, very fine Senator and I respect him and like him. He is an attorney for several of the gaming establishments down there, and he looks out for their interests. But, I don't think that he's a man that is unfair or prejudiced in any way. I think he's a good senator.

Senator Kenneth Johnson was probably—at the time that I went into the senate—the

most powerful man in the Senate. He had been then quite same time. He'd been through all of the various positions of President pro tem, Majority Leader and things of that kind. He was a very, very clever organizer and I give him a great deal of credit for that. I would say that he was completely responsible for the placement of all of the senators in their respective committee assignments and he would go about it in a way that I'm sure is done in many other place.

Johnson and a couple of the other old-timer senators would meet at his house. They would agree among themselves that it would be good to have such-and-such a senator in charge of the Judiciary Committee, and another senator, maybe, at the head of the Finance Committee. They pretty well worked that out in their committee of three. Then, they invited two other hold-over senators to talk over matters. Say, that they were meeting one night and felt that Mr. so-and-so would be fine on the Finance Committee. What did they think about it? There would be a case of three against two in case they didn't decide that they would go along. So, they finally all agreed that they might make a little change there. Then, they would have another meeting, with perhaps seven there. Seven—never more than that—were always the core. They were able to work on the newer members of that group.

I would say that that was a very, very wise, effective way of organizing a political group. It was not often done in the assembly, and as a consequence, the assembly was often at fighting odds with each other.

After awhile, Senator Johnson became much more actively interested in the gambling business. At one time, he was very much opposed to anyone who had a gambling business in Nevada being allowed to have a gambling business in Cuba or Mexico, or

a foreign country. He felt that they should be not mixed together. In other words, we could keep our gambling business straighter in Nevada, if it were run by people devoting their entire energies to that particular angle of the gambling business. And, people respected him for his view. Then, all of a sudden, he changed his mind, and decided he would like to buy into the gambling business in Puerto Rico or Cuba, or one of those places and give up his gambling business in Nevada. That undermined the confidence that many of the senators had in his judgment. His influence crumbled from that time. Afterwards, when he was a candidate for re-election after many terms, he was not successful. Senator William E. Dial replaced him. I think it was purely and simply because of his change of attitude directly in opposition to what he had always sponsored. That was the cause of his failure to continue to be the strongest figure in the Senate.

Senator Rene Lemaire was a man of a great deal of prestige and a great deal of ability. I would say that the first time I went into the Senate, he and Mr. Johnson were probably the two most influential men. I might possibly include Senator Fred Settelmeyer. Lemaire, if I remember rightly, was the chairman of the Judiciary Committee. It was through personal friendship of some of my friends and Senator Lemaire that I got the appointment on that committee. I worked very effectively in cooperation with him.

I did something else that I think paid off well in my work in the Senate. After election was over, I made a trip all over the state just to visit all the members of the Senate—holdovers and new members—just to get acquainted. I was not trying to sell them anything, but I felt that my effectiveness in the Senate would be a great deal enhanced if I knew all of the members of Senate in advance. So, I made a

trip up through Elko and along the railroad, visited all those folks down through Carson and Goldfield, Tonopah, every place with the exception of Las Vegas. I did not make the trip down there. So, there was only one of the Senators that I had not become acquainted with personally. That helped very much because a newly elected man is much at a disadvantage because they don't know how he is going to 'pan out' and are uncertain of his personality. I did have the faculty of meeting people and making friends.

I recall when I met Senator-elect Walter Whitacre. He was elected for the first time the same time I was, and he viewed me with a great deal of suspicion when I went to see him. He had an office in his home town. I finally overcame his feeling and we became very, very close friends and worked together probably closer than any two members of the State Legislature. It was hard to break through his reserve at first, because he didn't know why I was coming to see him, unless I had some favor I was going to ask him. Otherwise, we got along very, very nicely.

I went to see Senator Ralph Lattin and he was very cooperative immediately. He said, "I would like very much to have you meet the members of the assembly who are from this county, and I would like you to meet the other members of my family." We stayed there overnight and got up the next day and visited around. It was very helpful. But, I afterwards commenced to feel that Senator Lattin did that so that he would have perhaps a little better control, himself, of the new members of the senate. He asked two or three personal favors of me that I could grant and I was glad to do so, because then was nothing wrong about it. But, afterwards, we became on different sides of many of the questions. I felt that some of his commitments and policies were not altogether in harmony with what

mine would be. In the later years of his term in the Senate, our work was not altogether cooperative. There was one particular bill, I don't recall what it was now, that he held up in committee. He was committee chairman, and I was trying very hard to get it out. I don't recall what it was, but we did practically come to blows over that.

I would say that Senator Slattery was a man with a great deal more ability than people gave him credit for. He had an overpowering yen for publicity and he had the faculty for doing things that would gain personal publicity for him. I think that he was less interested in the good qualities of a piece of legislation that he was on how it would affect him personally. Now, that might apply to a great many other members, it's true. But, he had a running feud with Mrs. Barbara Coughlan, and I think that was purely and simply for the publicity that it would bring to him, because Mrs. Coughlan was a somewhat controversial figure. She had very strong political backing, but he was determined that he would get her out of office. He was most successful in getting appropriations that would benefit Virginia City, something that was for a celebration up then or something else. Consequently, he could be re-elected time after time, although he did not live in Virginia City. I did not agree with him in many, many respects and felt that then were other senators very much more valuable to the state. As I say, I do give him credit for being able to bring about things that he wanted that somebody else wouldn't be able to do.

Senator Settelmeyer was a typical Dutchman. He hated to see money wasted, and once he made up his mind to anything, it was almost impossible to change his mind. But, I would say that he was one of the most conservative, one of the most honest, one of the most effective and desirable members

of the Senate with whom I ever came into contact. We were very warm personal friends. Oftentimes, he would be very, very busy with his committee meetings in the committee for finance. There would be certain bills coming up for vote on that particular day, that he had not had time to go into thoroughly. He would ask me what I thought of them, and I would tell him. He would depend very largely upon my judgment in that way. In other words, we had confidence in each other, and I don't think either one of us would tend for a moment to mislead the other. I feel that he was probably the best all-around senator that was there during the twelve years that I was in the Senate.

I don't know exactly how to evaluate Forest Lovelock. He and I worked very closely as members of the Education Committee, but he did not have the faculty somehow of getting the confidence or the intimate friendship of many other members of the Senate. I don't think that there was anything that they held against him; that wasn't it. Of course, he was very much interested in legislation that had to do with the automobile business, because he was in that line of work. He was very much interested in educational matters, but he didn't have the personal popularity that Senator Settlemeyer had. It seemed to me that he was very active in campaigning the year around, speaking before certain groups. I admired his ability of doing that. I was frankly very much surprised when he was not re-elected the last time that he ran. I don't think he had as much influence as some of the others, but I thought that he was a very good senator.

Peter Echeverria had a great deal more steam behind him than his predecessor, but I don't think that he had the personal confidence of some of the other members of the Senate. I think he had a great deal of ability and he was a very, very ardent campaigner all

of the time. I would say that he introduced more guests in the Senate than all of the others put together. He had a great deal of legal ability. But, frankly, I was afraid of him.

Mahlon Brown is the only member of the senate now (1965) who was also a member when I went in. I think he was a little less self-confident then than he is now. Naturally, he's had a great deal more experience. He ran for United States Congress and was not elected. That's why he was a member of the Senate. Senator Allan Bible had been United States Senator for quite some time and had announced that he was not a candidate for re-election. At that time, State Senator Brown announced his candidacy for United States Senator to succeed Bible. Then, the political headquarters in Nevada succeeded in convincing Bible that he should reverse his stand, because they felt that he was the only Democrat who would be a pretty safe bet for re-election. So, in the primaries, Brown was defeated. I think that had quite a bit of unvoiced effect upon his loyalty to the Democratic organization. I think he had the feeling (at least that's my impression) that they had more or less let him down. So, he worked very cooperatively in a very nonpolitical way with the other members of the Senate. When the reapportionment business came up, he was very much set against the idea that then would be a whole bunch of senators from Clark County. He thought it was not good for the State of Nevada. I believe he had a broader view of the welfare of Nevada than a good many of the other senators or the other representatives from Clark County did. But, in the present session, he has reversed his stand there. I think he felt that politically, it was expedient that he support the reapportionment idea. I think that Senator Brown has been a very fair and a very good state senator.

Rex Bell was a movie actor at one time and known pretty much over the world. He gained his reputation that way. We had a splendid personality, and a smile that would knock you over. I think his ability as an actor is what probably brought about his election. He was not the party leader that our present Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt is. He didn't take the active part that Laxalt does, nor do I think he had as much influence in his party. Nevertheless, he was a very good presiding officer, and very well liked. I was never aware of his being the subject of outside influences.

I had known Governor Charles Russell from boyhood. We used to go hiking into the hills, and go camping and things of that kind together, before he was married. So, when I went to the legislature while he was Governor, there was the carryover of that long personal friendship. I had no hesitation whatsoever in going to his office and discussing things and talking very, very frankly as one man to another, rather than as a senator to a governor. I think that he did not have the ability to exert political pressure as Governor Grant Sawyer has, and the ability to hold his party together in legislative matters. I think that his outlook on legislation was excellent. He certainly had a very fair evaluation of the situation in the "cow counties," having been born in Elko and put in a good part of his business life in White Pine County. But, he didn't have the drive or the political determination for his own benefit that Governor Sawyer has.

I would rather not say too much about Governor Sawyer. I know him personally, and I used to drop into his office in Carson and discuss things. I did so rather effectively. But, particularly during the last session, I felt that the Governor would be very much happier if Gallagher were not in the Senate. I think he had a great deal to do with eliminating Gallagher from the Senate eventually, not so

much on account of personality, but because it could mean the Democratic Party gaining control of the State Senate. It was felt that either Gallagher or Senator Fransway were the key candidates that could be eliminated. However, there were other Republican senators up for re-election without opposition. One of them was Whitacre, and one of them was Wilson McGowan. In fact, I think the Democratic setup felt that it was suicide, almost, to get someone to run against them. But, they felt that the very heavy Democratic registration in White Pine County could be put under pressure to bring about the election of somebody else to replace Gallagher. They tried very hard to do the same for Fransway. Fransway probably had a stronger rural backing than is possible in this county. His was an agricultural county, whereas White Pine is mining. I think that was really the reason why he made it and Gallagher didn't.

There was nothing particularly different with this campaign. They succeeded in getting a candidate to run in opposition to me who was personally very, very popular. He had been a county commissioner for a number of years, and was re-elected to that particular office time after time, I think, always without opposition. Whether he made a better or a not-so-good state senator, I wouldn't want to say, because I wouldn't be in the position to say. But, he did make a very, very effective opposition candidate.

I think about the lobbyist. The word is very much misunderstood. The Constitution of the United States, if I remember rightly, somewhere provides that everyone has the right to speak his mind and state his position. Free speech, in other words, right of assembly, and things of that type. It would be a very sorry situation if a legislature were in session and someone representing some particular

group would not have the right to go before the body then or talk to its members to promote and explain his own views, there is the impression that a lobbyist is somebody who has a sack of money in one hand and vile thought in most of his other pockets, with the idea of influencing legislation for his own personal profits. If there is such a thing, I never ran across one.

The different organizations—the mining interests, the dairy interests, the railroad, the trucking interests, school organizations, farm bureaus, you could name ever so many of them—have their meetings during the year and decide upon policies that they think would be desirable for legislation in the forthcoming term of the legislature. They then appoint one of their members or sometimes hire a salaried representation to go down to Carson to watch the legislation and be on hand if any question or intonation is needed, perhaps to do a little prodding if they find someone who is uncertain in his mind, and to give, well, a little sales talk.

I think of one that was a representative of the railroad, Oliver A. Thomas. I'd known Ollie Thomas long before I went into legislature, and was personally friendly with him. Many of the others, the same way. The nearest that I could possibly come to calling him a lobbyist would be at Christmas time. He usually sent out a box of fruit or box of crackers or something of that kind from one of the gift companies; I presume to every member of the legislature, I don't know. I know he always did to me. And, the same was true of the representatives of the mining interests. It could be personal friendship, or, it could just be friendship. or, it could be just kind of keep the interest in mind. But, it was never in the way of pressure in any way, shape, or form. I would say it would be somewhat akin to the Governor sending out a Christmas card

to every voter in the county, just to remind them that he's there and appreciates their friendship, contacts, and so on. Or, different organizations have a house organ that they mail out to people, as a whole all over the country, just to promote the understanding feeling of their particular interest.

My own particular experience in the legislature has been that the recognized lobbyists are very, very helpful indeed. You may or may not agree with the ideas they have in mind, so far as legislation is concerned, but, I've never yet found a case where you can ask one of them a question and he won't give you an honest answer. He might withhold information that he has in mind and you haven't asked about. Any intelligent, fair-minded legislator will take advantage of the information that he can get from the lobbyists on both sides. The one who is unduly influenced is the person who will listen to the lobbyist on one side, and fail to do the same for the opposing side. In other words, he's getting a slanted view, then.

Now, there are other so-called lobbyists who fall, perhaps, into a little different category. I recall a gentleman whom I couldn't recall having met come to my desk during a recess. He said that he had invited the members of the Assembly from White Pine County out to diner, and he would like me to come, too. He kind of wanted to discuss some things. So, I said, sure, that I would be glad to do so. But, when it came time for noon, I found that some of the assemblymen hadn't been contacted yet. Well, to shorten the story, we all went out to dinner. He gave a pitch for some particular legislation that was highly beneficial to himself. Immediately, I aroused him off my list because I felt that he was not being open and aboveboard and honest. In other words, he was telling me things in the way of the invitation that were not facts. Well,

those people have no influence whatever upon the legislation.

There used to be another gentleman down there who was representing himself as well as people from his fraternity, the chiropractors. He was quite persistent, but everybody felt rather sorry for him, rather than influenced by what he said. I think that if they were inclined to go along with him, it would be a matter of, "Well, it can't do any harm and it will make the old gentleman feel better. He's giving up all of his time here to do something that he feels he should." But, he has no influence on legislation, I'm quite certain.

So far as dishonesty is concerned, I think that it would be found among the members of the Legislature, rather than among the so-called lobbyists, there have been instances. I shall not mention any names, but I know, and every member of the Legislature knows of cases where someone would introduce a bill that would hit rather hard at some organization—raise the tax on liquor, or on cigarettes, or make it necessary to spend a good deal more money than otherwise would go to profit to that organization. The bill would be rather ridiculous in a way, but it would be introduced as there is nothing to prevent anybody in the Legislature from introducing a bill he has prepared. Then, this fellow would kind of let it be known through other people that he could be bought off, and would not try to get his bill enacted. Then, perhaps for the exchange of money, or other things, the bill would die. That is what I would call blackmail, and that has been done. I think it has been done in all legislatures, more or less. When that becomes known to the constituents of that member of the legislature, the proper thing for the to do is to not send him down there again. It's impossible to convict him of dishonesty. Probably, no actual law has been violated.

In the more recent years that I was in the Legislature, I can't recall a person that would fit into that particular category. There have been suspicions, but none that you could be sure of having been caught in the act. But, that, I would say, was not as a result of the lobbyists in any way, shape, or form. It was just personal dishonesty. It would be the same type of a man who would alter a will to make it payable to someone more favorable to himself, if he were in a position to do so.

There have been many bills introduced, requiring lobbyists to register before the Legislature so that everybody would know who they were and who they represented. I think there is a thing of that kind in connection with our united States Congress. Then, if a man is a hired representative of any organization, he must register as such. But, all of those bills always fail for enactment in the Nevada Legislature. They did while I was there, anyhow. I can't see any particular reason for it, because there may be a person who is lobbying or interested in certain legislation, and he might be in Carson only three or four days during the whole session. In other words, lobbying is not his vocation. Others like representatives of the labor unions—the railroaders, particularly, and the AFL-CIO—usually have somebody then available all of the time. It may be that because most people had a pretty good understanding that Senator Gallagher would resent any approach of that kind and that no one ever did approach me, or ask me to support any piece of legislation. I don't think they very often did ask anybody else directly to do so, unless it was someone who was supported in his campaign by a group. If it were a labor group, the representative of the labor unions might talk to him and say, "The unions have elected you here; we expect you to follow through, and do as you promised when you were campaigning." Perhaps that's correct.

But, anything that is regarded as underhanded, generally ugly and slimy in connection with lobbyists, I think is overrating the situation very, very highly indeed.

If George Wingfield, George Nixon, Norman Biltz, or John Mueller had any influence, it was entirely outside of the halls of the Legislature. I never saw any of those gentlemen with the exception of Mr. Mueller around the Capitol. Mr. Mueller used to come and sit in the back seats of the Senate. He was introduced as a guest of one of the senators. I never heard him open his mouth in connection with any legislation. He was, I believe, a former member of the Legislature and could certainly feel an interest in what was going on there. Former Judge Clark J. Guild was very, very frequently a visitor of the Legislature. I don't think that he made any effort whatsoever to influence legislation.

Now, if some of these wealthy men were watching what was going on with ulterior motives, it quite possibly was in connection with contributions that they had made to a particular legislator's campaign fund. They would say, "See here, Senator, I put out \$20,000 for your campaign fund, and I feel that I'm entitled to a pretty fair consideration of the view I have in mind. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not trying to buy your vote or anything of the kind, but when you accepted the donation for your campaign fund, you rather intimated that at least I would be consulted in some of the things that might come up before the legislature." I would not call those people lobbyists. That is an entirely different group.

Later campaigns were financed nearly always through the money that had been raised by the state headquarters of that particular party. I think the manner of raising that money is exactly the same for both recognized parties, the Democrats and the Republicans. The Republicans, as a rule, were considered

the conservative party, the Democrats were a little bit the other way. The Republicans were the employers, whereas, the Democrats, to a very large extent, were the employees, if you wanted to draw any line of distinction.

The official headquarters of each party solicited funds from every possible source from wealthy members, well-to-do members, from members that had very little money. The fund raisers might say, "Now here, you're interested in legislation; you want good legislation; and we think we have a good selection of candidates. But, it does take money to run a campaign, and we'll appreciate your financial help." I think that the money that was solicited in small amounts was very much more effective so far as electing a candidate was concerned. If you could get a hundred people to give \$1.00 apiece, they might know none of the candidates, but they would feel a certain interest in the party to which they had sent their subscription. They would think, "Well, I don't know so-and-so, but, if the candidate on the opposite side to which I've subscribed is elected, why I've lost my investment." Now, that's a foolish way of looking at it, perhaps, but it's true. And, I think it's quite the usual way.

Oftentimes, money would be raised through raffles and dinner parties and speakers' dinners and things of that kind. Within the last few years, it has been very largely high-price-per-plate diner parties; like a diner that cost a dollar and six bits, but the charge would be \$25.00, or \$100.00 or \$1,000, whatever it is. How, there were several reasons for that. By buying a ticket to that dinner, legally you were not contributing to a campaign fund. I think that some of the larger contributors felt that it left them off to quite an extent so far as income tax and various other situations of that kind were concerned.

Then, there were certain organizations that gave equally to both parties. Those were the

ones that had the feeling that candidates should be well known all over the state, regardless of which party they represented. If they have money to advertise themselves and carry on their campaigns, the voters will be better able to make a selection. Or, they might have the feeling like this: "If I contribute to just one party, and the party to which I contribute is not successful, then, I can expect very few favors from the other party; so, I'll contribute, an equal amount to both and, then, I'll have bait on both hooks." That would be true, I would say, so far as the gambling interests would be concerned. Their own private contributions might be slanted one way or the other, but the public contributions, I think, would go both ways.

Any group that is very definitely one-sided would not do that. I doubt very much if the labor organizations would contribute to the party they felt would be the most sympathetic to the nonunion laborers.

The money was allocated at the state level by the state party organization. That was the main source of funds. The county organization used principles that were somewhat the same.

Then, there were private contributions to a fund. A lot was a matter of personality, and we given usually in relatively small amounts. Take my own case for instance. There might be some personal friends say, Well, Gallagher, we'll chip in \$5.00 or \$10.00 or \$25.00. Spend it the way you see fit. We'd like to see you get down there to the Legislature, and we know it costs money. Take it, and do what you feel will be most desirable. Well, there might be a little technical group of some kind, possibly an association of dairymen. That isn't the case, but it could be. They said, "We've been very, very much pleased with the record that you've made down there. You've looked after our interests very, very fairly, and we're very much concerned about your going down there

again. We want you there, and we're going to help you out a bit with the expenses of your campaign. So, here's a check for \$25.00 that you can just put in your campaign fund." Now, those I consider just personal friendship and personal appreciation of a past record. In other words, those men are trying to get honest legislation enacted.

So far as registration is concerned, most large companies in White Pine County had both parties pretty well represented among the management officials. They're naturally very much interested in legislation that would enable them to stay in business with a reasonable profit. I don't think they are interested in legislation that would be definitely harmful. Kennecott, for instance, was very much opposed to the repeal of the Right-to-Work Bill (and I think that would be true of many of the other larger organizations).

The Right-to-Work Bill says that no union agreement can be made with an employer, whereby a man must be a member of a union before he can be employed in that particular line of work. They had the feeling that it was taking away from direct bargaining, and to the very, very great disadvantage of the employer and of the independent workman who doesn't know whether he wants to belong to a union or not. In other words, he can get a job with Kennecott or some other organization, and then, if he finds that it will be to his advantage to join a union, he is thoroughly free to do so afterwards. But, as a prerequisite for employment, all of the large employers feel that it is wrong. The unions, of course, feel that it's very much an advantage to do that because it gives them a very much stronger hold on a large voting group and also adds a great deal of money to their own expenses.

GALLAGHER: PHOTOGRAPHER

Maybe it was in the blood, but I went East to take a course in a photographic college. I completed the course, which was one year, and immediately afterwards was selected by the management to teach one of the topics in that particular course. So, while I was still under twenty-one years, I had the title of professor! That was the Illinois College of Photography south of Chicago; there is no similar institution now. It was a privately owned and a privately conducted college and a very, very good one indeed.

I was any at school studying photography and teaching photography in the same institution until 1907. At that time, I returned to Ely with the plan of opening a photographic studio. The town, then, was a city; and my father had moved to Ely. The ranch had been sold. I made arrangements for a studio building to be erected on Murry Street two or three blocks from the center of downtown. Downtown property was just too expensive to build for that purpose, so I conducted a photographic business there until the time the first World War broke out.

There were two or three rather interesting experiences. In those days, films as we know them now were not used. All the photographs were made on glass plates, so that a file of negatives would take up quite a bit of room. We did all of our photographic printing by direct sunlight. The lamp light papers, much as are used universally now were just beginning to come on the market, but were not very acceptable. Photographic enlargements were very, very rare in the professional business. In other words, if you wanted to make a family group that would be sixteen by twenty inches in size, you used a sixteen by twenty camera and made an exposure on a glass plate that was sixteen by twenty inches. Consequently, you did not waste a lot of exposures. You did everything well, and you were pretty sure of your ground before you made your exposure.

Artificial light had not become far enough advanced that it would be used photographically. You could use flashlights, but never for portraiture, simply because the only source of flashlight would be magnesium metal in one shape or another. Usually, it was

a powdered magnesium mixed to make it look and act like gun powder. That would be spread out in a long pan and ignited either by a flame blown into it by a tube or by a fuse similar to a firecracker fuse and then, the whole thing would light in a flash. That was used if you were photographing a big gathering like a banquet or outdoor scene or something of that kind. But, you never made two in succession, because it made so much smoke that it took an hour for the building to be cleared of smoke afterwards. Consequently, it was not popular with those to be photographed.

At that time, the Ely Townsite Company, which was East Ely, was endeavoring to absorb Ely. They had bought the property there from the former Georgetown people. They built a depot and had the splendid Steptoe Hotel and several stores. They were selling lots everywhere. It looked at one time as if they would be able to get enough prestige so that every thing would move down to East Ely. But, that did not happen.

During that time, every month I made a series of photographs of things that were being done in the way of progress in last Ely—a building going up, new roads being turned into streets, new watermains being dug, and things of that kind. I had an observation platform that was probably forty or fifty feet high, and I used to get up there and make those photographs. It was primarily built for prospective purchasers of lots to get up then and have the lot pointed out to them to see what they were buying. Well, they also included in a monthly progress bulletin that they put out, changes that were being made in the mines and down at McGill. So, I would make a periodical trip down to McGill to photograph new things down there.

That was a case of hitching up a horse (my father had a horse and buggy and I had

the privilege of using it). I would drive down to McGill (that would take a two-hour drive, at least) and tie the horse up. Then, I would get out and do photographing, and drive back in time for supper that night. But, as I mentioned, everything had to be done by daylight either in my studio or outdoors. The studio, by the way, had a great big skylight. But, you could do no photographing after four o'clock in the afternoon, because the sun was getting low then.

Then, one day, very much to my surprise and dismay, the manager of the smelter phoned, and said he would like me to come down and make a photograph 360° in compass showing the smelter. The picture was to be taken from the top of one of their smokestacks. We had what we called circuit cameras, then. The circuit camera rotated on a track on top of a great big tripod. So, it would start at a certain place, and keep going around like the hands of a clock and come back to its original point. The film traveled correspondingly, so the film would develop a picture, in my case, that was eight inches wide and about forty-two inches long.

They had three stacks at that time. One was for the powerhouse. One led from one of the converter buildings on up to a hillside on sort of a tunnel on the surface; then, it went up in the air about 150 feet. That one carried a lot of the sulfur fumes in a way that took them away from the smelter. Then, the main stack above their big smelter furnaces was (if I remember rightly) about 250 feet high. It had commenced to deteriorate by chemical action from the inside and was starting to crumble from the top, so it was necessary to replace it. So, they had built a new stack about twenty feet from it, and substantially the same height. That was where I was supposed to photograph—from this new stack. The old one was still in operation, but, as I say,

it was crumbling. Well, the new stack was completed, and then, they had put a floor across the top of it which was twelve feet in diameter. The top of the stack was that big. The workmen were putting lightning rods around the circumference of the top of the stack; it was a necessity to prevent destruction by lightning.

Then, so that I would be able to be high enough above that and photograph without including these lightning rods in my picture, they had built a platform six feet by six and about ten or eight feet higher than this platform. That was where I was to work from. To make it a little bit safer, they had also put a railing around that about three feet high so I would have something to catch hold of. Well, probably if I were as old at that time as I am now, I'd have told them to go jump in the river! You're more adventuresome when you're young than when you are older: Also, it was a good paying job, and I was supposed to do it. So, I did. We would go up in the elevator on the inside. That was just the same as was used in the deep mines for going up and down carrying material.

I set up the camera then and waited for a propitious moment when the whole 360° would be free of smoke. You see, there was nothing electrical in those days so far as their trains or movement of cars was concerned and smoke would hang heavily over a certain area, and I'd have to wait and wait. It would look like it might be getting about right, and then, the smoke from the other stack would drift around and come where we were standing. Well, it was very, very poisonous. If you got that on your clothes, it would eat right through your clothes. Of course, you couldn't allow yourself to breath it. So, if the smoke was coming over, there would always be one of the workmen there near me. I'd have to throw a cloth over my camera, and we'd

all jump on the skip and go to the bottom as quick as we could. Sometimes I thought it got down quicker than we did! Anyhow, we got down fast, and we would have to stay down at the bottom until the wind shifted again and we would come up and try it again. Well, to shorten the tale, it was three whole days before the time occurred when the atmosphere was clear so the photograph could be made. It was quite successful. I think there are copies of it on display at the smelting works today. I have a picture that was taken by an assistant of mine down on the ground, showing me up at the top of the stack there. That was just to prove that I was there. That was one of the things that was more or less part of the photographic profession of those days.

Well, then, the First World War broke out. We hadn't had a war in this country since the Civil War, and no one knew just what to expect. Of course, war had been declared previously between Germany and many of the European countries, but the United States was not in it until the war had been in effect for a couple of years. Then, the Lusitania was blown up, and that made it really necessary for the United States to enter the war. So, the draft was organized to build up our military strength and I was of an age at that time that was included in the draft. But, because I was a member of the Legislature. I would have been exempt. However, the feeling was so great at that time that I just didn't want to be exempt. I felt that it would be a reflection on my loyalty, and so, I volunteered to go into the service.

I sold my business; closed it up completely. I didn't know how long I would be gone; if I would ever return. We didn't know how long wars would last then, or what the results would be. The negatives I had in stock, I gave to the people who might want them. I preserved a few of the negatives, and put them in boxes thinking that if I ever did get

back they would be of some value; and some of them were.

Because of my photographic background, I was assigned to what would now be called the Air Force. We had no Air Force, then, so it was called the Aviation section of the Signal Corps.

After a couple of weeks at Mare Island off San Francisco, I was transferred to Kelly Field in San Antonio, Texas. Our first job there was to fight off the rattlesnakes, and clear the sagebrush, and make room for tents. It was a little vigorous, but, we lived through it. My work in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps was not so much photographing from planes, because we did not have the facilities available, but in teaching the principles of photography to other members of the department. I was also in the work of making maps from aerial photographs, primarily those that had been photographed by the British and the French forces overseas.

I tried to become an aviator, and take the examination to take the training, but I could not pass the physical examination which was rather rigid. One was the matter of eyesight. I had one eye that was better than the other. Then was also a test on stabilization. You were put on a platform and whirled around quite rapidly for a number of minutes, and then, you stepped off. Then, if you could walk straight, that was fine. But, if you couldn't walk straight, it would indicate that you would not have the right control of yourself up in the air. So, I was never allotted to become a pilot.

But, I did become later on what was called a photo-observer. I made photographs from planes. That was by hand cameras, invariably. I had no control over the plane itself. It was rather interesting that the planes we were using in this country at that time for training purposes had a maximum speed of about

seventy miles an hour, and a landing speed of forty miles an hour. They were open cockpit. You used a seat belt, of course; that was rather wise. The photographic observer not only made photographs, but he was supposed to be able to shoot with a hand gun (six-shooter) at other planes. that might belong to the enemy if they came close enough. However, that never entered my serious duties, because I did not get overseas.

Another rather interesting thing happened while I was down at Kelly Field. I, then, had the rank of sergeant, and was in the Office of the Commandant. Kelly Field, of course, was an air training center. The government would buy planes from private manufacturers and, then, they would be shipped to Kelly Field. Then, the representatives of the factory would test them then to the satisfaction of the military authorities before they were accepted by the military. Well, it was a very, very much sought after privilege for us in the non-officer group to ride with the test pilot when he was testing out the planes. He not only had to take off and land the planes, but he had to make so many loop-the-loops and Immelman turns, which was a turn from right to left and clear over and back on your surface again. We had to practically sign away our lives before we were permitted to take those side trips. I remember those very, very distinctly. I did not get sea sick.

Then, later, I was transferred from there to the more advanced stations at Cornell University. From there, I went to the Eastman Kodak Plant, which was an advanced technical training department in the aviation section of the Signal Corps. I took the courses there, and afterwards was assigned to instructing duty at Cornell University. We had our headquarters at Sholokov Hall. It was a big gymnasium. I was stationed there as an instructor until the time of the Armistice.

Just a few days before the Armistice was signed, I had been assigned to go to New York and take the examinations for my commission as a lieutenant. While I was in New York, the pro-celebration of the Armistice took place. The Armistice was formally signed on the 11th of November, but it had been unofficially announced about three days before that. Well, it was probably one of the wildest celebrations that you could imagine.

I might say that New Year's in San Francisco or the Mardi Gras in New Orleans couldn't hold a candle to the celebration that took place in New York that night. I think that there was more ticker tape floating from the windows and confetti thrown around and dancing on the streets. Everybody knew everybody else, and there was no restraint whatsoever. People were just so happy that the war was over. Then, when they heard the next morning that the Armistice had not actually been signed, they cooled off a little bit. But, I think it was the wildest celebration that existed anywhere, whether it was in Europe, the United States, or anywhere else at the end of the war.

I was returned, then, to Cornell at Ithaca, New York. But, the work was over, then, and we just more or less marked time. I was discharged from the Army with the rank of lieutenant early in January, and then, came back West.

I'd had an offer from a photographer, Mr. Bachrach, whom I'd met in the service. He had a very, very wonderful studio in Baltimore, and his brother had one in Boston and New York. I guess he was impressed with some of the classwork he took under me, and asked if I would come back to his studio and be with him after the war was over. I jumped at the chance, because I thought it would be a remarkable improvement over coming back to Ely. So, I was with them for some year and a half, or two years.

He was a difficult man to work with and we didn't hit it off altogether too well. I opened up a studio for him in Cleveland, Ohio, and then left there. With another chap with whom I had become acquainted, I decided to come to San Francisco and open up a home portrait business.

Home portraiture was then new and electric lights were coming in. To make a long story short, we did fairly well.

Then, this Mr. Bachrach's brother, the one that ran the Boston studio, had kind of like me. He was expanding and putting out new studios and so on. I had just met him, but not to know him. He wrote to me, and wanted to know if I wouldn't come back and work for him instead of his brother. I thought that would be a pretty good idea. He offered me \$4,000 a year. That was an awful lot of money in those days; certainly, more than any of my friends were making. So, I went back to Boston, and was associated with that setup for quite a number of years. My duty primarily was as liaison between their finishing department and the various studios because I knew the camera work and I knew the chemical working, and the finishing and the business part of it. If then were someone at the studio that was falling behind a little bit in quality or in business, I was dispatched to go out and, perhaps, straighten the out. I might spend as much as three or four months getting the back on the track again.

Well, that was going on fine. Then, the depression hit us in the 1930s and all the business just went plumb to smash. I was getting kind of homesick for Nevada, anyhow. So, I talked it over with Mr. Bachrach, and he thought that if I would take a six-month's leave of absence, maybe the business would be better. I went to look over the West. At the end of six months, business was worse, and they closed up half of their studios. Afterwards,

they opened them up and became a very, very successful business again. But, I decided that I was going to stay in the western part of the country, so I went back down to California. Things were dead there. I was broke; the banks had closed. Any money that I had had was gone. Investments that I had made in some buildings were not worth anything anymore.

So, I wrote to Senator Chapin, who was then with the bank here in Ely, to know what he thought of my coming to Ely and going back into business. I asked if people would feel that I had kind of slighted them by not coming back before, and if other photographers were here, and whether I would have any opening at all. He wrote back to me and said, "You have lots of friends in Ely. I don't know what business will be like, but we would be awfully glad to have you come back." I came back and re-established in business. Things went along very satisfactorily until I retired.

GALLAGHER: WORLD TRAVELER

I took a trip around the world five or six years ago. I called it a bachelor honeymoon. It was an idea that had been in my head for a long, long time. When I was a youngster, as far back as I can remember, my parents had a bookcase with quite a number of volumes. Some of it was fiction, some medical books for home medicine, some family albums, all of Dicken's works and things of that kind, "Desert Home" and "Robinson Crusoe" and things of that nature. But, one that I particularly enjoyed looking at was a well-illustrated book by P. T. Barnum. Whether he wrote it or someone wrote it for him under him name, I wouldn't be sure. It was quite factual a record of hunting groups that he had sent over to bring back animals for his circus. There was a Texan who was very, very competent in handling firearms. He was a rather scientific gentleman. Then, he had two young men, I would say in their very late teens or very early twenties, that comprised this particular group. The first book I ever read aloud to the youngsters in my family was that book. I felt awfully good that they would listen

to me, because usually brothers and sisters haven't a very high opinion of the ability of the other members of their family. So, I made up my mind then that if the time ever came that I could follow some of the paths flat wore outlined in this book, I would do so.

Barnum's hunting groups apparently landed on the west coast of Africa. Then, they organized their hunting expeditions with the natives, hired help, great pack trains, things of that kind. The book recounted how they captured lion, hippos, and things of that nature, and sent the back to the sea ports. Then, they were shipped to the United States, either directly or by way of London. Then, they divided up, and half of the group went up into the gorilla country in what would now be the Congo and other two went to India. There are no tigers in Africa. Animals were typical of that part of the world.

Well, as it came about, things had changed a whole lot since that time. You didn't sleep out under a bush alone and build a fire to keep the animals from coming in and chewing you up. You went in to the back country usually on

a safari. You had native guides. You placed a good deal of confidence in them, for they took care of your sleeping accommodations, and your meals. You didn't sleep out on the ground alone because a hyena might come along at night and bite your head off; and when you woke up in the morning you would be rather at a loss at what to do the next day! So, you had to have see judgment anyhow.

It's a thing I'm very, very glad to have experienced, because wildlife and pioneer living, aborigines, and things of that kind are very rapidly disappearing.

Over in Hong Kong, I was floored when I heard the native Chinese speaking with an Oxford accent. These were the monied men; the ones you would meet around the banks, the stores, things of that kind. In Ceylon, I found English spoken beautifully and the absence of my knowledge of the native languages never interfered at all.

The delightful thing about visiting all those countries is to find out how all those countries do things in other parts of the world, and not try to tell them how much better we are in the United States. They have the feeling that they would like to come to the United States, that it was a very wonderful country, and everybody was a millionaire there. But, I tried to overcome that feeling, in other words, place myself in the position of a quest. I got along a whole lot better, and I think I learned a whole lot more about the country.

I visited quite a while in equatorial Africa, and had one experience there that just illustrates how you can expect the unexpected. Perhaps, you have heard of the Treetops Hotel, the place where the present Queen of England learned that she was Queen. She was staying there overnight when her father passed away. She was making a tour of the African colonies under the English supervision. It's in the State

of Kenya just slightly off the equator near the town of Nieri.

For the benefit of the people studying nature (also for money that they could gain from the tourist traffic), sleeping quarters and observation quarters were built in the trees. They were very much magnified versions of little treetop houses kids used to build in practically every part of the country.

Now, this particular Treetops overlooked a salt lick, a pool of water where there was salt along the edge. The pool itself, I guess, was fresh water. It was about twenty miles from the town. People would go there to this town and stay overnight at the Outspan Hotel; Outspan is a Dutch word carried from the Boars that means, "unhitch the horses and rest for the night." I thought that was a very, very appropriate and quaint name for a hotel.

Then, I joined a group that was organized ahead of time to go by vehicle part way to this Treetops Hotel, and had to hike the rest of the way because there was no road leading completely to it. That was in the afternoon and, then, we remained up there overnight. As darkness came on during the moonlight nights, we could look down some fifty feet below, and see animals come in to lick for salt or to get a drink of water. There were elephants and buffalo and all of the animals in that part of the territory. Sometimes, they would get to quarreling and put on some rather big fights down there, and we could watch what was going on. Well, that was destroyed during the Mau Mau rebellion, but shortly before I reached that area, it had been rebuilt, a little bit more securely and to accommodate more guests. They could sleep about twelve or fourteen people up there and they would serve dinner up there. There was a bar, so you could buy liquid refreshment, and it made quite a social place.

Well, when we left the Outspan Hotel and started out, we paid roughly \$100 for the trip out there overnight. That included the guide, all of the things that go along with it. The agreement was that if you didn't see any animals during the night, if they didn't come out, you got your money back. They were so sure it would turn out that way. As a gesture of progress, electric lights had been installed, flood lights up in the trees, so we didn't have to wait for moonlight nights. One could go out there every night of the month. The power plant was some little distance, and seemingly the lights didn't bother the animals at all, they ran for food, figuring there was moonlight after all.

Well, there was a group with the capacity of a dozen or fifteen of us with an English guide who went out there. There were two or three caretakers there all the time to cook. Two or three forest rangers were out there, too. They visited around, and immediately went up into the hotel up in the treetops. We didn't stay down on the ground because we didn't want to leave any human odor down there that might scare animals away. We wanted to be all set for when the evening came.

Well, you know, you can pretty well tell what country visitors come from by little peculiarities of speech or little mannerisms, and so on. You can't hide the fact that you're from the United States, even if you want to. They don't say "United States," they say "America." The same is true with the people from Germany, from Great Britain, or wherever it might be. There were a couple of ladies in their fifties traveling together. I knew perfectly well that they had come from the United States, and they knew I had, so we got to talking. Of course, in a group of that kind, you become quite sociable all of the time. So, we were talking and they wanted to know

what state I was from and I said I was from Nevada. "Ever been there?" I asked. One of them asked what part of Nevada. Well, they might never have heard of it, I thought, but I said I was from Ely. I asked if they knew anything about Ely. The lady spoke up and said, "Yes, I used to be a nurse there at the Steptoe Hospital." You go half way around the world to the Treetops Hotel, with your head on one side of the equator and your feet on the other side, and meet somebody who came from your own community! I hadn't known her before, but she knew ever so many people that I knew. So, we became buddies right away.

It was beginning to get dark by that time, and we all had to take off our shoes, if we were wearing hard soles on our shoes, and go in our stocking feet. Or, if we had sneakers, we could continue to wear them. That was so that when we walked out onto the veranda of this hotel, we wouldn't make any noise. Then, some of the wild animals were beginning to come into our area, the baboons first, because they wanted to be fed. They were very vicious; you had to keep away from them, but they were awfully glad to have something to eat, just the same. There were also squirrels and things of that kind. So, we had a good deal of fun. Then, just as it was getting dark, we could see a wild pig or two coming in, and we thought we saw a buffalo, but nothing spectacular, yet. All of a sudden it started to rain. It just poured down.

The guide said that we should go in for supper, and maybe it would clear up afterwards. So, we went in. We toasted Ely, Nevada: we had a toast for the Steptoe Hospital; for our English guide. And, we toasted the bride and groom who were spending their honeymoon there, until we ran out of "toast water." Then, we had a marvelously good dinner. It was still just pouring down rain. It was eleven or twelve o'clock by that time, so the guide said that

there was nothing else to do, but to go to bed and sleep through the night. So, we did. We got up in the morning and the air was clear and nice. We got down on the ground and walked around and eventually, went back to the Outspan Hotel, and got our money back because the animals didn't show up during the night. But, I think I got more money's worth out of that particular night's entertainment than anywhere else in my life.

Wherever you go, visiting a Rotary Club, for instance, where you're introduced as a visitor from a particular locality, you'll find someone afterwards who will come up to shake hands and say, "I've been to that area; I was a mining engineer," or something of that kind. Or, "I've visited there; my mother's brother went over there, lived in the mine," or something like that. So, you will find that there is a general acquaintanceship all over the world.

I was sitting in a hotel in Bombay, the Taj Mahal Hotel which was a very, very classy hotel. There had been given a good deal of publicity to the place shortly before. Some English actor who had become enamored with an Indian actress, in spite of the fact that he was married in the United States, started a romance there. I can't remember the name now, but they were staying at this hotel. I put in a bid for the same room that he had occupied, to see what would happen to me, but I didn't get it.

After I had been assigned to my room, I was trying to find my way downstairs again, and I got completely lost. There were some of the native porters around there and I asked one where the elevator was. He didn't know, and I asked somebody else where the elevator was. I was up on the sixth or seventh floor. I asked one who was a little bit more worldly wise than the other and he said, "You mean the lift, do you?" So, he showed me where

the lift was. You find you'll have to become acquainted with some of the local terms.

But, there was one particular evening I was going to tell you about. Dinner is served pretty late in the evening, usually about eight o'clock in all hotels that have an English background. I was sitting there reading, and there was another man, apparently doing the same. He was an Englishman, I could tell. And, an Englishman does not usually start a conversation unless he had been introduced, but I never waited for that. Americans don't. I just started in by saying hello, and I opined that it wasn't going to rain that night. Perfectly safe in saying that; it never rains in December in India. So, we started talking about one thing or the other and, of course, he knew I was from the States. He mentioned that he had been over in America and had spent some time over then. He said there were two places he remembered as being so different, so individual. I said, "Yes, what are they?" I expected him to mention New Orleans and San Francisco; those are the ones that so many people pick out as highly individual. Well, he did. He mentioned New Orleans and he said the other was Ely, Nevada! I said, "What?!" He said, "Yes;" he remembered that as being certainly one of the most different cities that he ever visited. I asked how he had ever come to Ely. He said that he was a sales representative for a concern that manufactured parts for the steam shovels, and he had made several trips to Ely on behalf of his company. Of course, after that, we were buddies. We got out and painted the town red that night. As I say, it is the unexpected that you must expect.

I was doing a great deal of photography, particularly out in the wild animal country; photographing in the game reserves. I didn't go out on safaris hunting with rifles, because I have no desire to do so. I wanted pictures of the animals. I went out usually individually.

I wouldn't go out with a big group. One might go by plane, or by what they called a Landrover (the same as the jeep we have here). They have roads that are not too good in some of the back country, but you get there all right. There were also houses. In other words, there were places where there would be comfortable accommodations, and you could stay overnight. It was primitive, it's true, but that was better so I got more atmosphere of the place that way. Then, I was taken into the back country.

I remember going to one place; the Ngorongoro Crater. That was at one time a volcano. The crater was formed, apparently by an explosion of the volcano, much the same as the Crater Lake was formed in Oregon. It left a great big valley, ten or fifteen miles across, surrounded by the rim of the crater. Well, the native animals, with the exception of elephants, couldn't get out over the top of the crater. The elephants can climb almost anything, excepting a tree! You would be surprised of the steep places they can climb. They migrated in certain seasons. A road had been built so we could drive down into this Ngorongoro Crater. There were zebras and gnus and antelopes, and all kinds of animals there, just as thick as cattle and horses on a big ranch, by the tens of thousands. They paid scarcely any attention to us as we drove along. They would get out of the road and stand off some little distance and watch us. We had a native guide with us, beside the gentleman who was taking me with him in his Landrover. He was a professional safari guide, and I paid him well.

Well, the native guide said, "Over there on that hummock there are two lions." We couldn't see them, but the natives' eyesight is so much more adapted to the conditions, they can spot interesting things that they are looking for much farther than we can.

Well, at that time of the year, the grass was turning rather white from the dry season. The color of the grass was about the color of the lions. So, we drove over that way, and pretty soon, we could see that there were a couple asleep on the top of this hummock. You see, the carnivorous animals feed at night mostly. The lions do their killing always at night and do most of the feeding at night. Then, they like to get out in the warm sunlight, and bask until about ten or eleven o'clock when it gets too hot. Then, they head for the shade. The elevation then was some five or six thousand feet, so it wasn't too terrifically hot, despite the fact that it was an equatorial country.

Well, we got fairly close and stopped the Landrover. I took a shot or two through the window. We were not allowed to get out because it was dangerous. The lions had learned that automobiles were not a good thing to eat, but they didn't seem too sure about the white people. I made some shots there, and pretty soon one of the female lions got up and yawned and walked on down the side of the hummock. I got some views of her. Female lions do all the killing. The men do all the eating, but the womenfolk among the lion tribes do the hunting, killing. Then, we turned around, and all of a sudden, we were surrounded by lions, here and there and behind us and in front of us! They had been lying down in the grass and we just never had spotted them. They all stalked off toward the tall bushes a short distance away from there. There were thirty-one lions in that group. They speak of that as a pride of lion., instead of a group or herd. The guide told me that that was more than he had ever seen in one pride before.

We were, at another time, on Lake Albert, which is another big game preserve. It is at the headwaters of the Nile River. I had originally hoped to go down the Nile River

and visit Cairo. I wanted very much to go on a native boat down the Nile River, but while I had a passport for Egypt, it was right immediately following the big trouble over the Suez Canal. Everybody, particularly the Cook people who had arranged way reservations ahead of time, recommended that I didn't go there; so, I didn't. Instead, I went down to Johannesburg, South Africa, and found it mighty, mighty interesting. There, we got on a little motor boat in the river to see all kinds of wildlife along the edge of the river—herds of elephants, and the crocodiles. They call them "Crocs;" you don't say the whole word. The same way with a hippopotamus it was called a "hippo."

Well, there were some very, very spectacular falls in the Nile River there. Where we were staying was called the lower falls, so we took the ride up the river toward Murchison Falls. That yam about fifteen miles or so. Now, that was in a little large launch which would carry about fifteen people or so. Down below the falls, characteristic of every river, it was very densely populated with fish, because they couldn't get up over the falls. Consequently, anything that fed upon fish was very plentiful there. That was true of the "crocs." It was grassland there, and the river spread out very, very wide. So, there were lots of hippos around there too.

Well, as we got up there, we could see that there was some commotion way off over to the side in shallow water. Maybe the water was three or four feet deep. We pulled over a little closer, and sure enough, there had been a fight between the bull that was the head of the herd of hippos and another who was probably trying to unseat his for the honor of being head of the herd. They had fought to the death. one hippo was dead; the other was just cowered with blood, but still able to stand up.

Well, that water just boiled with crocs around there! They don't bother the hippos as long as hippos are alive, but as soon as there was the smell and taste of blood, they just tore that dead one just to pieces like a dog would take care of a rabbit. They threw him up in the air and caught him. They were just tossing away at that animal! They couldn't get him out of the water, that is true, but they were tearing him apart. They were coming up and nipping the one that was still alive on the sides, and things of that kind. It was horrifying really, and we were awfully glad that we weren't out there. I wanted to get a little bit closer, but the fellow who was operating the boat was afraid that he might get his propeller tangled up in the weeds, and we would have to get out in the water and straighten it out. He just didn't want to do that. That's one of the things that you might be there a million times and never see again. We made the same trip again the next day. The water was quiet; there wasn't a bit of commotion of any kind. The group of female hippos that had been watching this off to the side, and quite unconcerned about it, were gone. I guess I'm just unduly lucky, because so many things of that kind happen to me.

There was another fellow I met. We shared a hut in one of these places. He was complaining that he had been out there several days, and he hadn't seen any lions; and he hadn't seen any this, that, or the others and he hadn't seen any buffalo; he hadn't seen any elephants. And, I'd seen the all. Well, then, it was time for us to leave. We had to take a motor transport to a little air field, because we had been brought out there in a small plane. You know the minute we got up in the air, we could look down and there, he saw all kinds of elephants, and all kinds of buffalo and things of that kind. But, he hadn't seen any before. So, as I said, I have been very, very lucky.

When you get down into South Africa, you're in a different land. Down there on the coast, you see some of the most marvelous wave action that you could possibly imagine the water coming in from the Indian Ocean, working against the rocky coastline. Oftentimes, there were big whining pools built in some of the cities. Capetown was one of them; Elizabethtown was another one of them, I believe. I stayed two or three days there. And, those big swimming pools would be filled by the wave action from the ocean breaking against the side and then, slopping over into the water. It was just marvelous to swim in there and let the water flow around you. You had to be a little careful, or you'd get ducked under. I could swim better, then, than I can now.

Dutch is spoken really much more than English then. On the streets of Johannesburg, conversations were almost always in Dutch, rather than English. Nearly everyone, of course, could understand English and our transactions were in English entirely.

Nearly all of the countries that I visited were subject to the British culture (India, Central Africa and South Africa).

When I first came into contact with hotels of the English culture, I had several things to get used to. The hotels in Hong Kong were definitely Chinese, and delightful. They kept their accounts on an abacus. And, there was a key boy; when you left your room, you would leave your key with the boy and when you came back, he would spot you, and get your key, and go and unlock your door for you. It was delightful.

I remember in Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, I didn't want to stay in the extremely modern hotels. I wanted the ones that had a native air. The one I chose was a very delightful, but slightly crude hotel. The

dining room overlooked the water there, and it was marvelous. I woke up in the morning, and there were three or four lizards hanging off the roof. I was a little bit concerned, but I got used to it. I found out that the lizards are rather encouraged, because they eat the mosquitoes. In all of that country, you sleep under mosquito nets, so you don't get bitten by mosquitoes. If one is bitten, he is apt to get one of the contagious, infectious diseases. So, you sleep under cover all the time, even though it's hot weather.

At the Taj Mahal Hotel in India, the bellboy took me to my room and wanted to know what time I wanted to have tea in the morning. Well, I knew that there was a custom then of having tea in bed in the morning, but that seemed awfully sissy, and I said that I didn't want to have tea in the morning. Well, he looked so depressed and so hurt; it was an affront to him, you know, so, I said that he could bring me tea. I asked what time was breakfast and he said that breakfast would be about eight o'clock, and that he would bring me tea about six o'clock. So, that was my first experience of being served tea in bed. He would knock on the door in the morning, bringing a little pot of tea, a teacup and some cookies. He put the down beside the bed and left; so, I had tea in bed. Well, after a while, you get accustomed to that, and you like it. So, I became pretty much of a tea hound.

Down in Capetown, I found that things were a little bit different. I stayed at the hotel there called Arthur's Seat Hotel. I had quite a time finding out why it was named that. I found out afterwards that there was a very famous cliff of rocks in Scotland called Arthur's Seat. Apparently, someone had come from there who was the owner of this hotel and had called it Arthur's Seat Hotel. In that hot country, as I'd been used to all my

life, I'd sleep absolutely raw just because I'd enjoyed doing it that way. When the native porters came in, that was all right; they paid no attention to it, and I paid no attention to it. I'd have my tea in bed just the same.

But, this particular hotel didn't allow the colored porters, bellboys and so on. They had to go to their own camp at night. They were not allowed to stay in town overnight. They are very, very strict segregationists down in that part of the country. Well, there was a knock on my door, and I yelled, "come in!" And, in came a white woman with my tea, and I was in bed naked. I pulled up the covers pretty quick, but after that I was on the lookout for what might happen down there!

Another custom in all of those English hotels is the fact that coffee is not served at the meals. You can have tea with your meals or you can have wine or water if you wish. But, coffee is served in an adjoining room afterwards. It would be equivalent to a lobby of a hotel, or out on the porch. So, you sit there, and the boy comes around and wants to know whether you'll have white coffee or black coffee. Well, black coffee is so thick and strong that you could eat it with a spoon, fork, or knife, so I always took white coffee. White coffee was poured from two tea pots one was coffee and the other was real hot milk, and you had half and half. It was quite palatable, so I had the white coffee.

I spent some time on the Spice Island of Zanzibar, too. Half of the spices of the world are grown in Zanzibar. I say the natives loading ships there with big sacks that looked like sacks of wheat. They were sacks of cloves. Oh, it was fragrant! The ships would come in with the earliest spring monsoons and bring in merchandise from the Arab countries. It was sold there. Then, with the return of the opposite monsoon in the fall, they went back loaded with spices or ivory or whatever

product was of the country. They were beautiful vessels. I loved to see them there.

Many of the buildings there had very heavy open doors— three, four, or five inches thick and marvelously carved, and with bronze knobs stuck in them all over. That was because in the time of the earlier wars, an enemy riding an elephant might come in and encourage his elephant to butt the door open. Those knobs on the door would hurt the elephant and he wouldn't do it.

Then, the way that the tea merchant or peddler went around then was quite interesting, too. He carried a little suspended pan of live coals, and on top of that a cone-shaped container of hot coffee. I would say that it was twelve or fourteen inches in diameter at the bottom, and eighteen or twenty inches high, and coming to a top that had a pour-out spout. He carried it in one hand. In the other hand, he had four or five metal cups. These would be dingling against each other all the time, so you knew when the coffee peddler was coming; just the same as some places in this country where the bell rang when the ice cream man was coming. So, we paid the equivalent of about a penny for a cup of coffee. He'd pour it out, and we'd drink it. Maybe a dozen had drunk out of the same cup before. I didn't drink any, I just photographed it. It was common all over the city for the merchants to wait for the coffee man to come along. It struck me as very, very quaint a situation.

To go out among the plantations and use the cloves being grown, and cinnamon bark being gathered, and coconuts was really marvelous. It was just amazing to have the odor of all of that spiceland, and realized that perhaps, what had been served at your breakfast in Ely a few months back had been gathered down on that island. Of course, their market for cloves is not altogether as a food

flavoring. In many of the oriental countries, cloves are mixed with tobacco to make cigarettes. A very heavy part of the market was for that category.

When I finally decided to come back, I went to Victoria Falls. They are much wider and much higher, but not quite as spectacular as Niagara Falls, because you can't see all of the falls at one time, owing to the way they fall into the chasm, and the fact that the mist is rising from it all of the time. In fact, they used to call it, "the falls of the fire that smokes," or something of that kind, because you can see that mist for twenty miles away. It is perfectly level country, but a marvelous and delightful place. A lovely hotel was built there, where people go just to spend their vacation times. One feature at that hotel is a pond in the area around the hotel. The pond was probably forty or fifty feet wide, and maybe fifty feet long. Then, when night came, it was alive with frogs. They and the treefrogs up in the trees would serenade one another. And so, we always had the frog concert every night. I declare it was really musical! Of course, you couldn't sleep with the frogs as it would be when you were in the back country, in the tropics, listening to the night birds and the hyenas howling outside. You got used to those things.

Eventually, I had to head home. I stopped in Naples on the way back (I had a nephew there who was stationed with the Armed Forces.). I also had to visit Vesuvius, and climb to the top of the crater and down into it, just to show off, you know. I also visited all of the unearthed relics of Pompeii. That, of course, is more or less conventional. Everybody does that and everybody goes over to the Isle of Capri as we did. I never saw so many seasick people in all of my life as there were on the trip over there! I wouldn't believe that people actually turned yellow when they were seasick, but their faces were! I didn't get

seasick; I never do get seasick, but somehow that part of the trip didn't stay with me at all. It was what thousands, and thousands of people were doing everyday, anyhow, so, I knew what to expect.

On the way home, however, I did see something unusual. As I mentioned I've always been very lucky. After we had left Maples, and were coming home on a big Pan Am liner, we passed the Azore Islands and they were having an eruption there. A new island was in the process of being formed. So, the captain directed the ship to go fairly close there, and very, very slowly past the Islands. We could watch the explosions coming up from underneath and throwing the water way up into the air almost like you see in Yellowstone Park. Then, it would settle down again; then, it would happen once more. That's the way the island started in the first place, but to see one in process of being formed was just unique. We passed Gibraltar; that's quite a sight. The vessels all stop there to put on mail, and take off mail. I told people after I got home that that great big insurance sign had been taken down and I thought it was much better without it!

The trip that I am planning for this winter will be over part of the same country, but mostly in Tasmania, Australia, and then, a hop, skip, and a jump over to Africa, and on to South America and on home. I've got to eat a supper of Iguana meat before I get back. So, the next time you see me, I might be able to tell a little about iguanas, kangaroos, and things of that kind!

Well, I guess that is about the extent of it.

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